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A Way out of the Jungle

De Gaulle Applies the Wisdom of Algeria to the Impasse of Vietnam..ALEXANDER WERTH

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JOHN RECHY

EDGAR FRIEDENBERG

RAVEN I. McDAVID

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LETTERS

Ethics of abortion

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Because he glibly glosses over a central issue as self-evident, Dr. Dice's suggestion for solving the problem of abortion is a remedy with attributes as questionable as the disease itself. ["When Abortion Is Justified" by Dr. Lee R. Dice, *The Nation*, Feb. 22.]

Contrary to Dr. Dice, it is not at all clear that "the termination of any pregnancy must be carefully controlled by any society." There are few other branches of medicine where the law tries to control what is good for a patient or what he can do with his (or her) body. . . .

Most dubious is the suggestion that an abortion should be authorized "only by a duly established court." Since Dr. Dice cites Dr. Guttmacher and other reformers with approval, it is difficult to understand why he seems to differ with them on this critical point. In accord with the ALI's Model Penal Code provisions on abortion, the safeguards of most reformers have usually been that the operation be performed in a hospital after consultation with at least one other physician and that the report of the consultation be made part of the hospital record. . . .

The experience in Sweden, where a public board must pass on abortion requests, has not been satisfactory. Illegal abortions are still common there, largely, it seems, because many women are unsure whether they can meet the board's tests or because they wish to avoid the ordeal or humiliation of airing their problem before a formal bureaucratic body. . . .

In the end the most desirable reform may prove to be the most permissive: a law stating simply that a physician may, with his patient's consent, terminate a pregnancy, perhaps before a stipulated time (e.g., before fifteen weeks). *Robert I. Cammer*

Woods Hole, Mass.

Dear Sirs: From high above the human ant hill Dr. Dice looked over the world and saw all was not good. Children are unloved and unwanted. His solution: remove the children. Purely for the welfare of the children, or course. . . . The only problem that now remains is what to do about the child already on the scene when daddy loses his job. . . . He has his rights too. Must he live out his life under such a handicap?

While we are stressing the welfare of the poor child, let us not neglect the child due to arrive to wealthy parents. He too may be unloved, unwanted and ill timed, although well washed. . . . Hurry up, women's clubs and other organizations concerned with the welfare of children. Get on the move. More are being born every day.

Dr. Alvin Siegel

Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Sirs: As to Dr. Dice's question, "Are we not cruel to allow the birth of children who are unwanted," I think that "We," ideally, should try to alter our society to be a better environment for children to be born into instead of regulating births to conform to our inability or unwillingness to cope with the problems of living in our world. Another question by Dr. Dice, "Would it not be better—for the child, and for society as a whole, to have the pregnancy terminated,"? left me with a very uncomfortable feeling. In fact it scared me. *Ronald D. Watkins*

Elkton, Md.

Dear Sirs: It's a black picture of our society Dr. Dice paints—but it seems tragic to me that his solution is to kill the only "members" of this society who have no say in the matter. The problem is that *adults* are helpless pawns in their squalid environment. . . . Increasing abortions on a "voluntary" basis (for the mother) sounds like a rather backhanded, and —I now think—immoral way of attacking our social problems. . . .

June Ackerman

Men of Texas

New York City

Dear Sirs: I had not expected to find *The Nation* joining in the national conspiracy to portray Texas as the place where the handclasp and everything else is a little stronger, but you seem to think that down there "the passions apparently run stronger in both races" ["The Death Penalty for Rape," Feb. 15]. If you will look at the latest census figures you will find, by dividing rape into population totals, that Texas passions lag behind those of all the states mentioned in the editorial except Alabama. For example, Texas had only 81 cases of rape per 9.5 million population, while South Carolina had 42 for a population of 2.3 million, and Georgia, with a measly 3.9 million, rang up 61. Stop boosting Texas! *Sam Moore*

Back issues

New York City

Dear Sirs: I have the back issues of your publication for 1964, and would like to know whether any reader is interested in having them.

Mrs. Raymond V. Ingersoll
1 Beekman Place
New York, N.Y. 10022

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The Tyranny of Slogans

The history of American policy in the postwar world could largely be written in terms of our slavish addiction to irrelevant slogans, spawned in the war or in the events that led up to it. The most mischievous of these catchwords is "appeasement"—the mainstay of every war hawk, demagogue and political dupe for the past twenty years. In *The Nation* of November 11, 1961, Alan Clark, a young, perspicacious British historian, pointed out that appeasement has two meanings, one general, the other a product of recent history. Appeasement has always been a perfectly respectable device of power politics, part of the accepted armamentarium of diplomacy. It did not mean slavish surrender, but that measure of conciliation of a powerful opponent that would extract all possible concessions without resorting to a costly and possibly disastrous war. But in the crises which came to a head in World War II, Chamberlain's fatuous diplomacy led to the sacrifice of Ethiopia, Austria and Czechoslovakia—and war followed anyway. Appeasement was thereby enthroned as the prime slogan of impassioned patriots, to be applied on any occasion, however unlike the one in which it originated, without fear of examination or challenge.

The slogan is beginning to wear thin, and its irrelevance in the Southeast Asia crisis may finish it off—unless in one last spasm it is instrumental in triggering World War III. Was there ever a man less inclined to appease his enemies than General de Gaulle? Yet, according to the Chamberlain-tainted definition, he did just that in Algeria, against the opposition of all the Fascists and fire-eaters in France, who were prepared to assassinate him and almost succeeded. Algeria was in effect a part of metropolitan France, inhabited by thousands of French citizens who were born there and faced expropriation, and both location and history made it a vital interest of France. No matter: de Gaulle saw the wisdom of negotiating a settlement in the only way in which he could negotiate it, tortuously and dangerously, step by step—and France is the better for it. One can only pray that Lyndon B. Johnson has a similar strategy in the back of his head, although he has certainly concealed it successfully so far. [See "A Way Out of the Jungle" by Alexander Werth, p. 239.]

The same prudence that marked de Gaulle's strategy in Algeria is what he is now trying to persuade his American allies to adopt in Vietnam, where he has the additional advantage of having learned the score by the most highly educational process to which a statesman can be subjected—military defeat. (It is also the most costly.) Numerous Americans are by now awake to the futility of American policy, engendered by Eisenhower, nourished by Kennedy, and now approaching disaster under Johnson. According to *Newsweek* (March 1) the sentiments currently aired on the floor of the Senate by Church, Nelson and McGovern are shared publicly by at least twenty Senate Democrats, and privately by perhaps as many as twenty-five more, including Foreign Relations Committee chairman J. William Fulbright and Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield—not very privately in the last two cases. Senator McGovern's remarks are particularly worth noting: "It is not appeasement to recognize that the problem of Southeast Asia does not lend itself to a military solution. It is not appeasement for the mightiest military power in the world to recognize the limits of that power, and to commit it reasonably and wisely. . . ." If ever America stood in need of deliverance from the nomenclature of folly, this is the day.

The Big New Issue

Theodore Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot and those who helped them launch the conservation movement of the turn of the century not only earned the gratitude of their own and subsequent generations but managed to make excellent political capital of the issue. An even greater opportunity to serve country and ambition awaits those politicians who have the wit to recognize the implications of "the new conservation." For one thing the stakes are much greater; for another many more people are directly concerned. In a recent Senate speech, Senator Gaylord Nelson touched on the extraordinary range of issues embraced in the concept: strip mining, air pollution, river and lake pollution, bulldozing the green spots and open spaces of our cities, pushing heavy industry into the last sanctums of natural beauty, blighting the landscape with junkyards, cutting highways through redwood groves, building steel mills in the Lake Michigan sand dunes, projecting a barge canal through scenic Lake Champlain, plans to turn the Grand Canyon into a reservoir, etc.

The Great Lakes, which serve as a water supply for 14 million people, have been polluted in a revolting and largely unnecessary fashion. The southern tip of Lake Michigan, according to Senator Nelson, is "turning into a cesspool"; pollution on the lake bottom is "practically irreversible." Yet while this polution goes uncorrected in the nation's heartland, the indefatigable empire builders of the Corps of Engineers want to gouge out a new lake—bigger than Lake Erie—in Alaska at a cost of $1 billion. The Federal Fish and Wildlife Service has said of the proposal: "Nowhere in the history of water development in North America have the fish and wildlife losses anticipated to result from a single project been so overwhelming."

Beneath all such issues (many more might be cited) is the single central theme touched on by President Johnson: "The same society which receives the rewards of technology must, as a cooperating whole, take

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responsibility for control. To deal with these new problems will require a new conservation." Technology, per se, is not the cause of the devastating inroads being made on the total environment, urban and rural; rather it is man's weirdly short-sighted pursuit of the fast buck in blind disregard of great and often irreparable damage to his habitat. What is central to the new conservation—what invests it with bright political promise as a national issue—is the fact that it is possible, given proper planning, foresight and control, to have the advantages of technology without its more ruinous side effects; the price of progress need not be prohibitive. The Santa Clara Valley (see p. 242) can have new subdivisions and at the same time preserve its priceless agricultural heritage; the scientists who advise the major whaling nations (see p. 245) have not suggested that the whaling industry be abandoned. There is nothing static or retrograde about such farsighted and expert planning. On the contrary it seeks to conserve, through planning, the fruits of modern technological progress. It is this aspect of "the new conservation," as President Johnson has shrewdly recognized, that makes it the big new issue in national politics.

Felix Frankfurter

Felix Frankfurter's judicial career began amid the controversy surrounding the Supreme Court's decisions invalidating key New Deal legislation. It ended in an era when the Court's severest test was its ability to protect individual freedoms against the pressures of the cold war. If the earlier controversy made Justice Frankfurter appear more liberal than he was, the judicial battles of the later years exaggerated his conservative stance.

The doctrine of judicial self-restraint was not Justice Frankfurter's creation. It received its most eloquent expression in the dissents of Justices Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo and Stone, who vainly argued against a conservative majority bent on making laissez-faire economics a constitutional absolute. Justice Frankfurter, however, placed this doctrine in a different constitutional setting—the area of personal liberty and free expression. Despite the command of the First Amendment that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech," Justice Frankfurter wrote, "Free-speech cases are not an exception to the principle that we are not legislators, that direct policy-making is not our province. How best to reconcile competing interests is the business of legislators, and the balance they strike is a judgment not to be displaced by ours, but to be respected unless outside the pale of fair judgment." To those who believed that the Bill of Rights was designed to protect individuals against these legislative judgments, Justice Frankfurter's philosophy of judicial deference amounted to an abdication of judicial responsibility at a time when its assertion was most needed.

One had the feeling that Justice Frankfurter viewed the Supreme Court as a delicate instrument to be carefully guarded against the maelstrom of controversy which could result in a popular reaction against the Court's powers, as almost happened in the 1930s. He would have kept the Court out of the reapportionment struggle and left the partially disenfranchised voter to seek his remedy in state legislatures which were themselves elected under the very system of malapportionment that was under attack. He resisted application to the states of the privilege against self-incrimination, the right to counsel in all criminal trials, and the federal rule barring the use of unconstitutionally obtained evidence. One of his more moving dissents argued that the state could compel a child to salute the flag even though the child's religious principles dictated otherwise.

Paradoxically, however, Justice Frankfurter's record on the Court was marked by many strong stands in defense of individual liberty. If his philosophy would not permit a strong judicial posture in such politically sensitive areas as free speech and reapportionment, he remained a consistent champion of an unbreachable wall between church and state, opposing released-time programs and the use of public funds to transport children to religious schools. He did not shrink from exercising the Court's powers to secure equal rights for Negroes and to bar any criminal prosecution based on coerced confessions.

Perhaps because he never directly exercised political power, he could not assert judicial power at a time of great crisis in the history of individual liberty. Rugged courage, pragmatic self-confidence and a deep concern for the individual—these were the qualities which the postwar era demanded and which were found in men like Black, Warren, Douglas and Brennan. Justice Frankfurter offered the qualities of scholarly brilliance, intellectual honesty and a probing search for the truth as he saw it. If these times required more, we still express our sorrow at the passing of an outstanding jurist who gave to the judicial task the full measure of his considerable talents.

Focus on HUAC

In years past, each opening session of Congress has seen a flurry of opposition to HUAC, which quickly subsided once the life of the committee had been extended. This year the opposition has not abated. There is, first of all, the attempt by Rep. Phillip Burton (D., Calif.) to overturn the contempt citations against Dagmar Wilson, Donna Allen and Russell Nixon which were sought by HUAC last year at a time when three lame-duck Republicans were still members of the committee. Mr. Burton has asked the Attorney General to stay proceedings in the case—it is now set for trial on March 18—until Congress can act on a bill he has introduced which would require House approval before any contempt proceeding is initiated. In this case, the citations were actually certified by the Speaker when Congress was not in session.

Not only is there real merit to the Burton proposal—contempt citations are handled in far too cavalier a

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manner—but the case against the three individuals is based on nothing but the pique and malice of the committee and its staff. The three had refused to testify at private hearings and had demanded an open, public session. The mere fact that in times past some citees have sought private hearings is irrelevant to their demand. At a time when there was little chance that the press would fairly report a HUAC hearing, some individuals naturally sought private or executive sessions. But now that the general atmosphere has improved, there is nothing inconsistent about the demand for public hearings. More to the point, however, is the fact that HUAC never holds hearings that are truly private or executive; eventually the testimony is always made public—at a time selected by the committee when public disclosure can be expected to have the maximum damaging consequences to the individuals involved.

The case against Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Allen and Mr. Nixon is probably the weakest the committee has ever elected to pursue; even by the committee's own standards it is without merit and should be dismissed. But the fight against HUAC also continues on other fronts. A number of pending bills seek, in different ways, to curb or abolish HUAC. In addition, Rep. Thomas Curtis (R., Mo.) has suggested that the Administration Committee should hold public hearings on HUAC's requested budget of $380,000. Even if this attempt fails, as it probably will, the proposal has merit and the discussion of it has contributed to a growing Congressional opposition to HUAC. More than at any time in the past, HUAC is today on the defensive; it can be kept in this position (assuming we do not find ourselves in a full-scale war in Asia)—and eventually abolished—if those opposed to the committee will sustain the pressure.

Malcolm X

Malcolm X was the highly intelligent, courageous leader of one segment of the Negro lunatic fringe. He hated the white race and he had reasons—from early childhood he had witnessed the persecution of his people and apparently his father was murdered by white racists. He returned hatred for hatred. But the lesson of Malcolm X's death lies not in smug preachments that violence came home to roost. From a practical political standpoint the Black Muslim movement, and indeed all nationalist Negro movements, are essentially defeatist. Their appeal consists precisely in the contention that nothing will help the Negro so long as he lives in a society dominated by whites. They hold that civil rights are worthless, even if the Negro should succeed in getting them. Thus, concessions and advances they automatically and cynically discount, and all those who proceed on the premise that democracy can be made to work in the area of race relations they characterize as fools or frauds.

Movements that are essentially defeatist inevitably stimulate violence; what other approach is there? But it is the slow pace of progress toward equality that plays into the hands of the Muslim movement. The biggest, most efficient breeder of violence is the government's gentle measures in dealing with white lawlessness and the indifference of great masses of whites toward Negro aspirations. Let us get on then with the business at hand—the removal of discriminatory barriers at all levels, not later but now. Malcolm was not one who held that life was worth any price. His cause, however mistaken, meant more to him than length of days. If his tragedy is heeded, he will in the long run have done great service not only to the Negroes but to all Americans.

De Gaulle On Vietnam

A Way Out of the Jungle . . . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

As seen from here, the Vietnamese situation looks uglier every day. Couve de Murville returned from Washington in a distinctly unhappy frame of mind; for although his, or rather de Gaulle's, arguments for a general conference "without preconditions" was given an ample hearing in Washington, it is felt in Paris that a Goldwaterized United States foreign policy is making headway. The latest recruit to the tough policy is Hanson Baldwin in the otherwise eminently reasonable *New York Times*.

Despite the cool reception given de Murville in Washington, the French are desperately trying to create conditions wherein the United States might still consider a conference. Hence the semi-official Franco-North Vietnamese negotiations. Hanoi appears sympathetic to the French proposals, although it is torn between this approach and the Russian line that American bombings of North Vietnam must cease before any conversations can be considered. In this connection it is significant that the Russians have been stressing their position as "very close to the French one." The big question is whether China would be willing to enter negotiations on Russian, French or intermediate terms. What the French are in fact trying to do is create a situation wherein it would be difficult for the United States to refuse to talk. Even despite Britain's hesitation to dissociate itself from the United States, European opinion is almost 100 per cent hostile to any extension of the Vietnam conflict, and favors the French stand which is based on its direct experience of futile colonial wars, first in Indo-China and then in Algeria.

Basically, the French proposal for a general conference implies recognizing the principle of self-determination (though de Murville was careful to avoid the word). And this

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needn't necessarily mean a Communist regime for South Vietnam. On the contrary, the French have been impressing on Hanoi that for the sake of world peace it will be necessary to establish some kind of neutralist regime in Saigon. This general Vietnam position is one aspect of the de Gaulle philosophy which has made France the most popular—or at any rate least unpopular—European state in the eyes of former colonial peoples.

Having suffered eight years of "dirty war" in Vietnam, the French have a clear vision of what's going on there now. To them, it is apparent that the United States is at the point where the French themselves were back in 1945-46. De Gaulle was then the guilty man. As head of the French Government in 1945, he got General Leclerc to land troops in South Vietnam for the purpose of reconquering the country. Having gained a foothold at Saigon, Leclerc hesitated to start an all-out war, and favored negotiating with the Vietminh Government under Ho Chi Minh, which had set itself up at Hanoi. But at the same time de Gaulle appointed his henchman, Admiral Thierry d'Argenlieu, High Commissioner for Indo-China; and this Admiral, ignoring Leclerc's warnings against an eternal jungle war, decided, after much "provocation" from the Communist guerrillas, to send the French navy to the North Vietnam harbor of Haiphong. Six thousand civilians were killed in the subsequent shelling. A month later, in December, 1946, Hanoi "rose" against the French; the Vietminh, including Ho Chi Minh, took to the jungle, and there followed the eight-year war which did not end until the French debacle of Dienbienphu in April-May, 1954.

De Gaulle was out of office by the time of the Haiphong shelling, and Léon Blum, guided solely by the war clique at Saigon (the people around d'Argenlieu), was the one who blundered into the war, despite the willingness shown by Ho Chi Minh, even at that late stage, to resume negotiations. However, de Gaulle, still worrying about the prestige France had lost during World War II, favored a tough policy in Indo-China. It was from about that time on that he gradually learned his lesson. Having, around 1948-49, welcomed the creation of a French puppet regime in Indo-China under the "Emperor" Bao-Dai, he realized by 1954 that the game was up. He heartily disagreed with Foreign Minister Georges Bidault's attempt to "save" Dienbienphu by persuading the United States to drop atom bombs on China—which at that time was helping the Vietminh, as were the Russians. Instead he gave his blessing to the new Premier, Pierre Mendès-France, who had been entrusted by a bewildered French parliament to wind up the Indo-China war as best he could. What followed were the Geneva Agreements.

In 1958, de Gaulle, again head of the government as a result of the Algiers *Putsch*, was faced with another situation which had some points in common with the Vietnam of 1954—and the Vietnam of today. The French army leaders in Algeria, exasperated by their failure to stamp out the guerrilla war that had been going on there for four years, had decided to do almost precisely what the United States is doing now. On February 8, 1958, three months before de Gaulle came back to power, General Salan sent twenty-five U.S.-made bombers over Sakhiet, on the ground that Algerian "rebels" were operating from this Tunisian village. About a hundred people were killed, among them scores of school children. No "Algerian terrorists" were reported to have been killed, and this French "atrocity" produced a violent outcry throughout the world, not least in the United States, which hastened to send to Paris a good-offices mission headed by Robert Murphy to negotiate a settlement between France and Tunisia. The mission achieved nothing, since the Tunisians had no means of controlling the Algerian "rebels," but it aroused the fury of the French colonialists, in both Paris and Algiers, and was one of the main sparks that ignited the Algiers rebellion in May, 1958, which led in turn to de Gaulle's re-election.

De Gaulle was to disappoint the colonialist diehards. Even though Tunisia was a much more obvious "base" for the Algerian "rebels" than North Vietnam is for the Vietcong, de Gaulle hastened to re-establish friendly relations with Tunisia—as well as with Morocco, another neighboring country used by the Algerians as a hide-out and supply base. He gave the army the strictest instructions under no circumstances to bomb either Tunisia or Morocco. Facing a vociferous European population of a million people in Algeria, with whose "French Algeria" ideas a large part of the army command was in complete sympathy, de Gaulle spent four years playing an extremely tortuous game with the Europeans and the army (in fact, double-crossing them both) until it finally became apparent to everyone that there was no alternative to giving Algeria independence. During these four years, two attempts were made—one by the Algerian-Europeans, with some army support, in 1960; another by part of the army itself, in 1961—to overthrow de Gaulle's regime, and to "save French Algeria." Both times, public opinion in metropolitan France gave de Gaulle the fullest support, while, characteristically, the *Putsch* of the four generals in April, 1961, failed because the French conscripts in Algeria, obeying de Gaulle, refused to take orders from their commanders.

Although, thanks to the chaos created in Algeria by the O.A.S., the European terrorist organization, Algeria came to independence under the worst possible conditions, de Gaulle still felt that history was taking its normal course and that France was much better off without the Algerian millstone around its neck. If the coexistence between the Moslem majority and the European minority provided for in the Evian Agreements of 1962 remained a dead letter, and practically all the Europeans fled to France, it was the fault of the European extremists themselves.

In Black Africa de Gaulle also took the line that there was no reason to refuse independence to the former French colonies, and they made the transition to autonomy with infinitely less sorrow than has the Congo. In 1958, de Gaulle persuaded these countries (with the sole exception of Guinea) to become members of a vast "Community" in return for financial and technical aid and a variety of other benefits; he himself would be President. Nevertheless, he let them all have their independence when they asked for it in 1960.

Today de Gaulle is extremely proud of being the world's "Number One Decolonizer." For all his regal "Louis XIV" airs, he feels that he is moving more with the times than is any other Western statesman.

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And there is no doubt—as the latest visit to Pakistan and India by Prime Minister Georges Pompidou showed—that the prestige of France and of de Gaulle personally is extraordinarily high in the "Third World." Most of the new African states are proud of being French-speaking, and de Gaulle's relations with the Arab world are now almost surprisingly good.

De Gaulle's recognition of Communist China last year fits into the same general pattern, as does his *rapprochement* with Russia's Eastern European satellites, and indeed with Russia itself. No doubt de Gaulle was wholly opposed to any settlement of the Berlin question on the lines proposed by Khrushchev; but it is significant that despite the somewhat disobliging remarks he had made about the Soviet regime, the Russian press was full of praise for his last press conference, in which he declared that the unification of Germany was a long-term problem that could probably be settled in the end by an agreement among all European countries, including Germany. He also predicted an "evolution" of Russia from its present "totalitarian" system, and a weakening of its domination over its western neighbors. This process might take a very long time; but he thought Europe might ultimately become a "common civilization" stretching "from the Atlantic to the Urals."

This "daydream," as some have called it, really amounts to a call for patience, a call not to precipitate a solution of the German problem by violent means. And the obvious loosening of the Russian grip on Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, etc., suggests to de Gaulle, perhaps quite rightly, that a new generation of Russian leaders will one day emerge (Kosygin and Brezhnev marking merely another post-Stalin phase) to shake off some of the more-dead-than-alive Leninist shibboleths. For, in de Gaulle's view, Russia's Leninist superstructure has become increasingly artificial, the Russians being at heart a European people whose deepest instinct is to turn west rather than east. As I reported after my latest visit to the Soviet Union [*The Nation*, October 5, 1964], this view corresponds very closely to the public sentiment I heard expressed in Moscow.

Just as de Gaulle advocates peaceful means of settling all differences in Europe, so he sees no alternative to a peaceful settlement in the Far East and in Southeast Asia. When he recognized China last year, he made it plain that he did so partly because he saw no means of putting an end to the Vietnam war without the cooperation of China. Even then he considered that, like the French in the past, the Americans had embarked on a hopeless guerrilla war, which would either keep them aimlessly tied down for years or lead to just the kind of dangerous complications we are now witnessing.

Macpherson, Toronto Star

On the complete senselessness of the recent bombing of North Vietnam French opinion is practically unanimous. It is argued that, if anything, the French generals had a better case for bombing Tunisia than the Americans have for bombing Vietnam; admittedly, there were a great many Algerian hideouts in Tunisian territory, whereas the correlation between the guerrilla activities in South Vietnam and the "encouragement" given them by North Vietnam is by no means obvious or clearly established. It is the nature of guerrilla bands to work on their own, without referring every one of their operations to "headquarters." As the French see it, the Americans simply cannot fight the guerrillas on their own terrain, and must use what weapons they have—beginning with their air force. But since air attacks cannot hurt the guerrillas, U.S. strategy has had to invent, quite arbitrarily, "an ass that's easy to kick," as one French commentator put it a little crudely.

It's a vicious circle. What reason is there to suppose that the bombing of North Vietnam will stop the Vietcong guerrillas? What good will it do if American bombers flatten Hanoi and every other city and village in North Vietnam? As the French know from experience, air terror does not put an end to guerrilla warfare. On the contrary, as happened after the French military coup at Hanoi, the devastation of North Vietnam from the air would merely "drive into the jungle" hundreds of thousands of North Vietnamese soldiers and produce a guerrilla war infinitely more powerful even than the one now being waged.

The French press says in its headlines: "Mr. Goldwater is very pleased." It also reports that Mr. Nixon advocates a preventive war against China. Nor has Harold Wilson done himself much good in French eyes by "associating" himself with the reprisals policy. What is more, even in political terms the reprisal policy makes no sense. As *Le Monde* put it, after pointing out that, short of provoking a world war, the United States cannot possibly win in Vietnam:

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No doubt the Vietcong receives some help from outside. But to conclude from this that South Vietnam is a victim of aggression from its neighbors—as South Korea was in 1950—is a gross exaggeration. All the more so as the Western Powers refused to organize those general elections which, under the Geneva Agreements, were to be held not later than 1956.

And it adds that the ease with which the Vietcong operates in South Vietnam contrasts remarkably with the lack of popular support given to the ephemeral governments of Saigon. In other words, the Vietcong largely represents that "will of the people" which it might otherwise have expressed in those unheld elections.

As the French see it, the United States is making the mistake (which they themselves made in Indo-China and, more recently, in Algeria) of trying to inflict on a people a regime they do not want.

President Johnson, *Le Monde* says, had the choice between two solutions: either to negotiate a neutralization settlement, together, if possible, with the other great powers; or else to throw bombs about aimlessly, thus killing a lot of people but not bringing victory nearer by half an inch. The "strategy" of tossing bombs without even considering the possibility of negotiations strikes everybody here as completely nonsensical—a mere tickling of Pentagon egos and pandering to the chauvinistic instincts of an American public frustrated by the futility of the jungle war. The only remaining hope is that, having made a great show of military strength, and so having satisfied America's "national pride," President Johnson will feel in a better position to enter into constructive negotiations. After all, the Chinese took part in the Geneva talks on Vietnam, and in the armistice talks in Korea; why shouldn't it be possible now? Or does President Johnson really want to destroy Hanoi from the air, or start a preventive war against China? The French press reports with some alarm that many of the U.S. military chiefs are much in favor of this, and notes that American supporters of a negotiated settlement — which Walter Lippmann has said America is more than strong enough to undertake without any loss of face—seem in a minority.

A friend who saw General de Gaulle recently found him in a gloomy mood. "Many of these people," he said, "seem as crazy as some of our generals in Algeria. Only Vietnam is much more dangerous: there the fire would spread much more easily. But it's no use my saying anything to them. When I proposed that Geneva meeting of the Big Five, I knew what I was talking about. But they wouldn't hear of it. At least our lunatics in Algeria thought they were fighting for 'French Algeria.' But what's Vietnam to the United States, I ask you?"

Since then have come Washington's cool reception of de Murville and the most reliable news that Russia is shipping technicians, jets and anti-aircraft rockets to Hanoi. During the Red Army Day reception at the Soviet Paris embassy, I observed the ostentatious cordiality with which the Chinese ambassador, and especially the North Vietnam representative, were greeted. The latter told me that he hoped the French-proposed conference would finally be held, but he added: "If not, we are prepared for a very long war and it will be infinitely more dangerous and more costly of human life for the United States than was Korea, and can't succeed anyway." He's darn right," said Ambassador Sergei Vinogradov, adding, "Not that we want to try our strength, which might lead God knows where. The present tragedy is that the British Government, which could swing the balance finally against war, is still sitting on the fence. De Gaulle and we Russians are doing our utmost to get them to support us and call a Geneva conference."

THE WASTERS

1. Santa Clara: The Bulldozer Crop

James P. Degnan

Los Gatos, Calif.

Ten years ago one could stand on Blossom Hill in Los Gatos, look out over the Santa Clara Valley (once the richest fruit-producing area in the world), and see nothing but plum, cherry, pear and peach orchards; today, from the same hill, one sees nothing but the black, endless strips of subdivision house roofs.

Since World War II, 60 per cent of the Santa Clara Valley's agricultural land has been destroyed; and what has happened in this Northern California valley has happened, and continues to happen with almost insane speed, all over California: prime agricultural lands, irreplaceable soils that are absolutely necessary for the production of the so-called "specialty" crops—fruits, nuts and many vegetables, including lettuce—are being senselessly replaced with factories, freeways and subdivisions.

In California we are destroying the base of our agriculture, and since California is the top food-producing state in the nation (25 per cent of the nation's table foods, 42 per cent of its tree fruit and nut crops, and 43 per cent of its fresh vegetables), we are destroying the major source of the nation's "specialty" crops as well.

Since 1945, more than a million acres of prime California soils have been removed from production. "So what," asks the bulldozer mentality, the subdividers, land speculators and local politicians, "California has 100 million acres; there's still plenty of room." What the fast-buck crowd won't admit is that of those 100 million acres, only about 10 million were ever suitable for agriculture; of those 10 million, only 7 million ever contained the prime soils (Class I and II soils) necessary to produce "specialty" crops; and from those 7 million the million now destroyed has been taken. Worse yet, the 6 million remaining acres are the ones immediately threatened by the bulldozer. Dr. Rodney Arkley, agricultural ex-

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pert of the University of California, contends that, if strong action isn't taken, "by the year 2000 they will all be destroyed." And by 2020, not only speciality crop lands, says Dr. Arkley, but the whole of California's fertile lands will be gone.

America can learn much from California's vanishing agriculture, from, as Karl Belser, Santa Clara County Planning Director, puts it: "California's vanishing gold." ("All the real gold ever mined in California wouldn't produce the wealth produced by one year of California's agriculture.") And the first lesson that America can learn is that land speculator and subdivider talk of there being vast areas still untouched and capable of agricultural development is nonsense. While 25 per cent of America's land is suitable for agriculture in general, only about 0.5 per cent is suitable for growing specialty crops, and it is this 0.5 per cent that is being destroyed. This does not happen just by unhappy coincidence: the good soil, good water, mild, water-modified climate, and ready access to major markets that make these lands perfect for specialty crops also make them most attractive for human settlement. In metropolitan areas—and many of our prime agricultural lands are near these areas—238 acres go under asphalt or buildings for every 1,000 population increase.

Another lesson America can learn is that talk about crop surpluses is irrelevant to the problem of vanishing prime agricultural lands. America's widely discussed surpluses are in grain foods—corn, wheat, etc.—that don't require the Class I and II soils. Granted, if we forfeit the ability to grow specialty crops—the foods that make possible a varied and healthy diet—we probably won't starve. "Man *can* live by bread alone," Karl Belser said in an address to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, "but who wants to?"

But the most important lesson that America can learn from the California experience is that the destruction of California's few, precious and irreplaceable prime agricultural soils is senseless. Intelligent planning, backed by political sanctions, could have prevented this profligacy and can stop it in the future.

Even though the Santa Clara Valley is the fastest growing, fastest urbanizing area in the country (during the years between 1946 and 1961, when the United States was increasing its population by 18 per cent, and California was growing by 50 per cent, residents of the Santa Clara Valley increased by 120 per cent), planning could have saved most of the prime agriculture here and accommodated the human growth as well.

But until Karl Belser was appointed County Planning Director in the early 1950s there was almost no formal planning in the Santa Clara Valley. Under the pressures of industrial expansion (mostly electronics industries dependent on defense contracts) and a related population boom, urbanization was allowed to grow like a huge, smog-producing amoeba that stretched its mindless pseudopodia in all directions from its nucleus—San Jose. Over the past fifteen years or so, San Jose has been rated as the first or second fastest-growing city in the United States. It has been called a community designed by a drunk throwing eggs, a Jackson Pollock canvas and—worst of all—"a second Los Angeles." Oddly, San Jose City Manager, "Dutch" Hamann, takes this last comparison as a compliment. "I'm happy," he said recently on a documentary film broadcast over the local National Educational Television station, "when people say that San Jose is like Los Angeles. This means San Jose is progressive." For Mr. Hamann and others like him population explosion is evidence of progress.

At the time of Mr. Belser's appointment, the insatiable amoeba had eaten deep into the valley's best agricultural lands; and three years later, after Belser and others interested in agriculture had managed in the face of much opposition to talk the county into passing zoning laws, the amoeba had consumed most of the prime acreage and was rapidly gorging itself on the leftovers.

Despite his closeness to this destruction, Mr. Belser remains optimistic. He is convinced that planning coupled with zoning and tax laws passed in time, could have

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saved the destroyed lands, and he believes that what remains of the valley's agriculture can be rescued by such means. He has on paper a plan which shows that the valley's remaining fertile acres—75,000 to 100,000—need not be built on even by 1985 when the population is expected to be double what it is now. The plan is based on the fact that even in the incredibly rich Santa Clara Valley only 10 per cent of the land is suitable for agriculture. Why not build on the land unsuitable for agriculture? This might cost more in the short run, but in the long run it would be enormously more profitable, both aesthetically and economically. To illustrate the point of economy: Besides serving as potential recreational areas and green belts to relieve the monotony of the gray new urban world, agricultural areas also serve the increasingly important function of neutralizing smog, providing firebreaks and emergency parking areas in case of disaster, and at the same time, to quote Mr. Belser, "of providing a firm and stable contribution to the economic health of the urban community." In the Santa Clara Valley, agriculture still provides a stable, efficient and profitable support for the tax base and a market for such urban goods as machinery, petroleum, chemical products.

"To continue as we continue in the Santa Clara Valley to destroy the state's agricultural economy (an economy that supplies California with $10 billion a year) in order to make room for an industrial economy dependent on nothing more permanent than Washington's attitude toward defense spending, certainly doesn't make good economic sense," contends Mr. Belser. Santa Clara Valley residents are beginning to understand this argument since Secretary McNamara took office. "In 2000," says Mr. Belser, "the state's population will double and the nation's population will reach 300 million. With the responsibility of feeding these increasing local and national populations, plus the increasing responsibility of feeding the world's increasing millions, America can't afford to destroy her agriculture. It would be economically disastrous. The salvation of industry and agriculture lies in a marriage between them."

Mr. Belser's plan for saving what is left of prime agriculture in the Santa Clara Valley and what is left of it all over the state is that these lands should be set aside as agricultural reserves. Realizing that the small amount of land necessary for agriculture is a natural resource desperately in need of protection, governments—local, state and national—should protect it just as they have protected other natural resources: our wild life, recreation, timber, oil and watershed resources, for example. "Agricultural reserves is not a radical idea," says Mr. Belser. "For more than 70 years we've maintained a watchdog attitude toward the exploitation of our natural resources. Twenty-seven per cent of the United States, not counting Alaska, is public domain," and "60 per cent of all public lands is in protective reserves. Why shouldn't there be such reserves for agriculture?"

To set aside these lands as reserves, Mr. Belser favors acquiring the lands by the principle of "conservation easement" (a device that citizens of Monterey, Calif., have used successfully to protect the natural beauty of their coast line). Government would purchase easements on the farmer-owner's right to develop his land for urban uses —developments, freeways, shopping centers, factories, It would say to the farmer: "We will pay you to hold this land for agriculture, as open space. You keep the title and all rights other than the right to develop the land for urban uses. You may sell the land or will it to heirs, but the land must always remain out of urban development."

Mr. Belser prefers this policy to outright acquisition of the lands—purchase of fee titles, the method used generally in acquiring lands for national parks—because under the "conservation easement" the farmer retains the incentive of keeping his land at a high level of productivity. But whether or not government takes development rights or buys the land outright and perhaps rents it back to the farmer, the need to guarantee that these lands won't be destroyed by the subdivider's bulldozer is acute. And other methods of protecting such lands—zoning and tax laws, for example—while they are better than nothing, have often proved mere holding actions. The laws work well enough until an area really starts an urban boom; then land values go so high that the urge to sell is irresistible.

Mr. Belser's plan is very good, but it won't work—nor will any plan work—unless it is supported by strong political action; and such action in the area of saving agricultural lands is most uncommon. In the Santa Clara Valley, in California generally, and all over the nation there is much talk of rescuing agriculture, of saving vanishing open space; endless "studies" are being made, but very little meaningful political action is being taken. Convinced that nothing short of concerted protest will shock the legislators into acting, another California conservationist, Milton Morris Weiner of Orinda, has started a political party called People for Open Space, which will hold its first convention in San Francisco this summer.

People for Open Space is designed to provide a political rallying point for California's many conservation groups and many conservation-minded individuals. "California probably has more conservation groups than any place in the world, but the groups are splintered; they don't represent a big enough threat to the politicians whose policies too often are dictated by the special interests, the real estate lobbies, subdividers and industrialists," Weiner contends. "One of the main attractions of a conservation party is that people with widely divergent political views—John Birchers and A.D.A. people, for example—feel so strongly about saving irreplaceable natural resources that they are able to forget their differences and work in harmony on this issue."

Weiner, a much decorated hero of World War II and a holder of degrees in history and science from Harvard and from Berkeley, suggests that the main plank in the "Open Space" platform be that a conservation commission, directly responsible to the people and subject to proposition ballot, be established in California. Its function would be to guarantee that the state's natural resources—its timber, agriculture and water resources—not be exploited and destroyed. It would have the power to say whether or not land speculators and builders have the right to destroy San Francisco Bay by filling it for subdivision. It could prevent logging interests from devastating

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timber resources and creating flood hazards (this winter's devastation shows what happens) in Northern California. Such a commission would be authorized to purchase, under "conservation easement," the agricultural lands needed to make Mr. Belser's plan for agricultural reserves a reality. In short, the commission would be the people's protection from the special interests.

Like Mr. Belser, Mr. Weiner does not advocate abolishing industry. He simply makes the point that industry and open space must exist together. He has said:

I never cease to be surprised that special interests can be so frankly callous about the public good. I have talked with many industrialists, subdividers, land speculators and others, and their attitude almost invariably is: "I'm not a conservationist; I'm a businessman. My obligation is to my stockholders, not to the state." Somehow I thought that this overt callousness went out, or at least went underground, with the robber barons. But here we are in 1965 faced with the same people that squared off against Teddy Roosevelt and John Muir.

The Highway Commission can run a freeway through irreplaceable agricultural lands, as they are doing in Kelseyville and King City, and destroy those lands forever. Yet in both cases, as in many cases of a similar kind, alternate routes are available. But who can force the Highway Commission (a body whose powers can be curtailed only by constitutional amendment) to adopt the alternate routes? Or Pacific Gas and Electric can run a 200-mile power line between Oroville and Vacaville, destroying miles of agriculture and making crop dusting virtually impossible. Or Firestone can build a plant in Salinas and doom the lettuce crop in that area. Everyday, all over the state, special interests unchecked by any authoritative body, can exploit the land with no regard for the people's interest in the land. It's my hope that People for Open Space can at least begin to rectify this most undemocratic system.

Santa Clara, and California, are spectacular examples of the bulldozer blitz, but the whole country has been laid open to the reckless blades.

2. South Atlantic: Death of the Whales

John Hillaby

Conservationists have been saying for years that unless the few nations engaged in the oceanic whaling industry act like sensible farmers, and look after their capital stocks, most of the big whales will be shot out of existence and the industry will go bust. At a meeting of the International Whaling Commission last summer, four nations —Norway, the Netherlands, Japan and Russia—refused to agree to restrictions on the Antarctic catches, and the prophecy is now within an ace of reality.

World stocks of the blue and the fin whale, the biggest animals the world has ever seen, are marginal; there is doubt that they can ever recover. If the situation does improve — and the possibility seems unlikely at the moment—it may do so because pelagic whaling is rapidly becoming uneconomic; the blue and the fin whales, once commonplace leviathans, might achieve the precarious value of scarcity and begin to breed again unmolested.

In view of the implications, it is surprising that the Whaling Commission meeting, held at Sandefjord, was not reported and discussed more widely, especially as the situation has been brought to the attention of the United Nations through the intervention of the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) in Rome.

The Sandefjord meeting was conducted, as usual, behind closed doors, but even from the arid official statement issued afterward it is clear that at least the scientists present were seriously alarmed by the overall record of recent catches. During the 1963-64 season, sixteen expeditions were at work in the Antarctic: seven from Japan, four from Russia, four from Norway and one from the Netherlands. They caught a total of 8,429 blue whale units, a system whereby one blue whale, the largest whale, equals two fin whales, or two and a half hump-back or six sei whales, an animal that looks like a small fin whale. All these are baleen or whalebone whales, a group distinct from the toothed species such as the square-headed sperm whale, with its long narrow jaw. Last year's Antarctic catch, by far the majority being fin whales, was approximately half the world's supply.

The commissioners were told that the position of blue whale stocks in the Antarctic was so serious that extinction was regarded as possible. The commissioners agreed that the species should be given what amounts to almost total protection. However, when the scientists proposed that Antarctic stocks of fin whales and sei whales should also be relieved of some of the catching pressure that will inevitably fall on them, the representatives of the four countries, with fleets in the Antarctic, refused to set a limit for the coming season.

The proposals seemed reasonable. They were that the catches should be progressively reduced over the next four years, the whalers taking 4,000 units in 1964-65, 3,000 in 1965-66 and 2,000 in 1966-67 in order to allow recovery to begin. This was unacceptable to the four pelagic whaling nations out of the fourteen countries present, and the three-quarters majority necessary for any decision could not be obtained. The four countries subsequently conferred separately and agreed to recommend that they declare jointly that the total of baleen whales taken this year should not exceed 8,000 units — that is, twice the number recommended.

The International Whaling Commission has no legislative power; at best, it can try to persuade the nations it represents to act sensibly. The commissioners are mostly high-ranking government servants, undersecretaries and the like, who are accompanied by experts and advisers. In a 1960 resolution that

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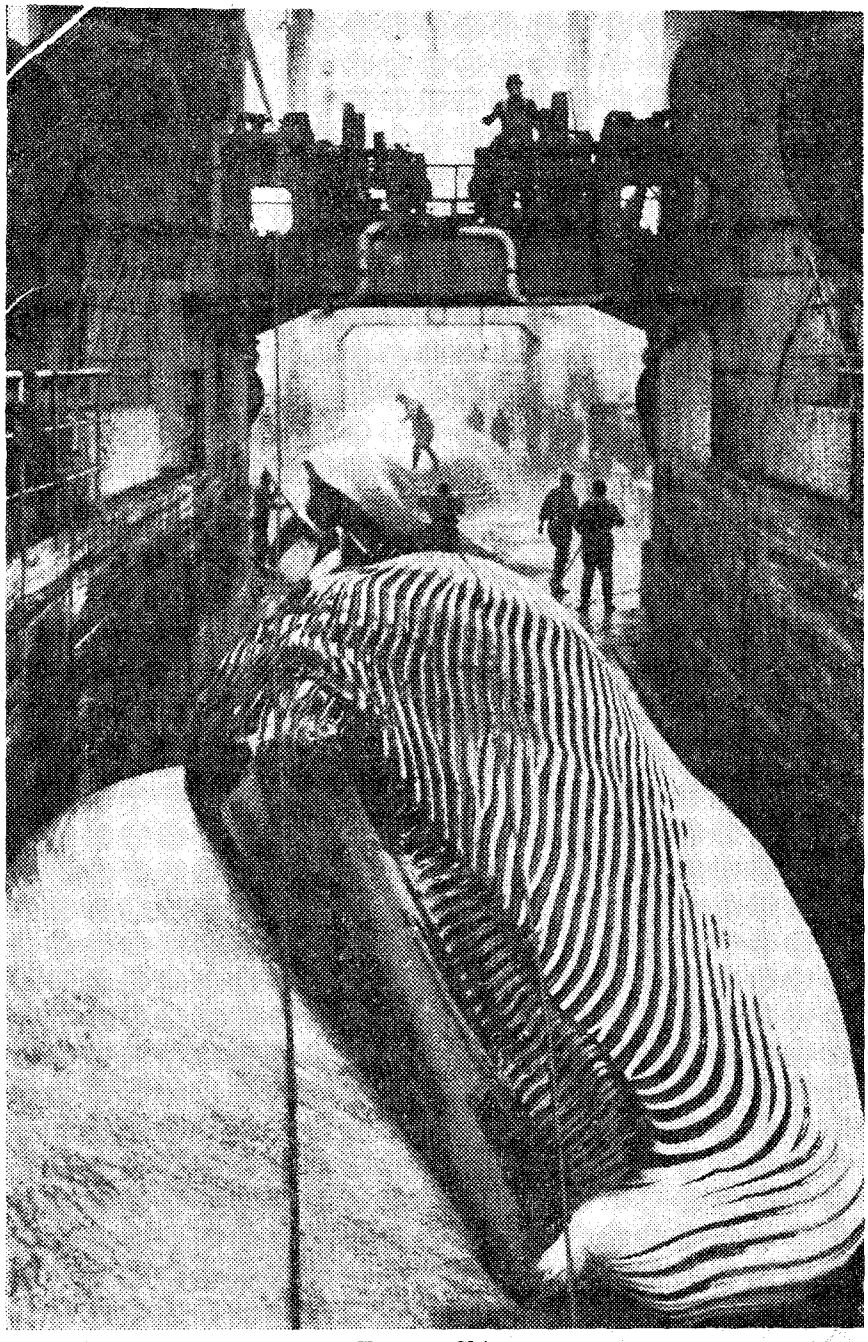
was passed, significantly, "subject to a provision that takes into account the interests of the whaling industry," the commissioners agreed to bring the annual catch limit into line with scientific advice. The industry has therefore turned its back on scientific advice and must accept full responsibility for whatever happens to the big whales.

Whaling techniques have evolved in four stages—from beach strandings to deep-sea expeditions. The first consisted merely in driving the whales ashore and spearing them as they lay helpless; the second in capturing them, hazardously, with hand harpoons; the third in shooting them with cannons mounted in the bows of small steamers and towing the carcasses to the shore factories of whaling stations. The fourth and modern method employs fleets of fast catchers and a factory ship that processes the whales on the killing grounds. As somebody once put it, Jonah is avenged: the ship now swallows the whale.

Whales are found in all the seas and some species occur practically the world over, but although there are no physical barriers to prevent any of them from wandering anywhere, by no means all of them are cosmopolitan. Many are comparatively restricted in their distribution and are found only in specific areas, although they may migrate up to 3,000 miles in their search for food. In summer, the baleen whales cruise into the cold waters of the high latitudes to gorge on the plankton shoals; when these whales are cut open on the flensing platforms of the factory ships, a cartload or more of shrimplike animals gush out of them. In winter the whales return to warmer latitudes to breed, eating little, subsisting on the energy stored in their mighty reservoirs of blubber.



Factory Ship

Blue whales and fin whales are closely related and have similar habits. Fin whales now form about 50 per cent of the world catch and, on the average, about 70 per cent of the Antarctic catch of all species. In the Antarctic last year the whaling fleets caught 112 blue whales and 13,870 fin backs in addition to a considerable number of sei whales. From a series of direct observations made by research ships between 1933 and 1939 it was estimated that in the southern populations of blue and fin whales there were at that time, on the average, about five fin to one blue and that the number of fin whales was in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million. It is far less than that today.

The tragedy of the crisis is that it comes at a time when scientists are at last in a position to say, categorically, what can be expected to happen if exploitation continues at the present rate. The industry can no longer evade the implications of its position by pretending that conservationists deal in imponderables. Surviving whale stocks have been worked out to a high degree of accuracy.

The age of a whalebone whale can be determined from the number of layers which, like the rings of a fish scale, are laid down annually in their long waxy sound-conducting ear plugs. In the case of young whales, age can be determined from baleen plates and in the case of adult females from counts of what are called the *corpora albicantia* in the ovaries. By using data of this nature, the number of whales in separate year classes are calculated and hence the rates of mortality.

The Whaling Commissioners at Sandefjord were told plainly by a

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panel of scientists known as the Committee of Four that an actuarial assessment of stocks can now be accurately computed by methods recently developed in the fisheries industry. These methods take into account both the rate of mortality and the rate of recruitment —that is, the rate at which young whales come into the catchable stock, together with the extent of the catch per unit of effort on the part of the whalers.

The conclusion is that the actual catches over a series of years have been substantially above the "sustainable catch"— or surplus of recruitment over mortality — which would permit the maintenance of stable populations. It is noteworthy that the Commission's Committee of Four which finally made the numerical assessments—Dr. D. G. Chapman of Seattle, Sydney J. Holt of FAO, Dr. K. R. Allen of New Zealand, and John Gulland of the British Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food — are mathematicians specializing in the dynamics of animal populations. Their work is essentially the apex of a pyramid of biological research, but it looks as though it has come too late.

Soon after the first southern whaling station was established in South Georgia at the beginning of this century, Great Britain, which controlled it, saw the danger of repeating the mistakes made in the Arctic where overfishing completely wrecked an uncontrolled industry. Whaling, it was realized, would have to be regulated and an interdepartmental committee on research and development recommended that, because so little was known about the biology of the animals, scientific expeditions should be started without delay. Captain Scott's old ship, the *Discovery,* sailed south in 1925 and from that date on the Discovery Committee began to publish what now amounts to a small library of valuable data.

During the *Discovery's* cruises, two investigators, Mackintosh and Wheeler, outlined the essential features of the life cycles of the big whales. They found that blue whales are 25 feet long at birth; within a few years they may reach a length of more than 70 feet and are then ready to breed. The growth of the fetus, from an ovum almost invisible to the naked eye to an infant weighing several tons, is achieved in twelve months and is almost certainly the fastest growth rate on record. Though the birth rate does not much exceed one calf in two years per adult female, the growth rates show that stocks are quickly replenished — given adequate encouragement.

The opinion of the Committee of Four is that with proper management a maximum sustained yield of 5,000 blue whales and 20,000 fin whales could be obtained from the Antarctic, but it would mean that both species would have to be heavily protected until stocks recovered.

One might have thought that Norway and the Netherlands would have agreed to the conservation proposals. In the research field both have contributed a great deal to current knowledge. It now appears, however, that the Netherlands had planned to pull out of the industry even before the matter of limits was brought up at Sandefjord. It threw in its vote with the other three dissenters and shortly thereafter sold its fleet, and its national quota, to Japan, thereby giving Japan nominal rights over about half of the total world catch.

At the moment it looks as though, under the excuse of mutual distrust, Japan and Russia are out to grab whatever remains of the southern stock of whales. As usual, Russia's attitude is somewhat enigmatic. The opinion of the industry is that, apart from Russia's hostility to Japan, its fishery chiefs overestimated what they were likely to catch to fulfill a five-year plan and are now obliged to overfish more and more in an ineffectual effort to square predictions submitted to Moscow before the plight of the whales became known.

Japan seems to have turned its back on even the fundamentals of conservation and talks about "overemphasized" biology. According to an appraisal of the situation in the *Fishermen's News* of Seattle, reprinted in the *Congressional Record,* Japan recently sent conservationists to confer with U.S. fishery experts, but the meeting turned out to be a "fishery Pearl Harbor."

Even as the Japanese as visitors spoke of "better understanding"—closer relationships to ensure a lasting North Pacific resource for all participating nations—the Japanese whaling fleets were ominously preparing for the kill. The time has come for fishermen and fisheries representatives to recognize Japan for what she is: a greedy nation to which conservation is a child's game, unfit for the rugged commercialized ocean fisheries; a nation which regards abstention as a tottering formula, unfit for useful fishery management.

For the United States, one of the most disturbing features of the breakdown in negotiations is the possibility that it will prove infectious. The United States is signatory to more than a score of fishery regulating commissions and a staunch upholder of the principle laid down at the Geneva Conferences on the Laws of the Sea of "management for maximum sustainable yield without concession to economic criteria." The whaling convention defers to "due consideration to the needs of industry and consumers." Other fishery commissioners might find it more politic to adopt the whale code.

There is at least a hope that FAO will be able to engineer something to replace the now manifestly impotent IWC. But time is not on its side, for the irresponsible fleets of those who have turned their backs on conservation are capable of reducing the fin and sei whale populations to the present level of the blue.

Whales feed on prodigious quantities of plankton. They suck it in as through a mill sluice and then, by raising the floor of their mouths and expanding their enormous tongues, force the water out sideways, through a fringe of remarkable horny fibers which hang down from their lower jaw—fibers which have been accurately likened to a vast internal mustache. The plankton deposits are then licked off by the tongue and swallowed. The leviathans live on shrimp or, to be more exact, on prawnlike euphausiids commonly known as krill.

What will happen to the krill if only a few whales are left to browse? Perhaps smaller whales will fill the niche left by the giants; fish stocks may multiply or form new patterns, possibly in company with hordes of crab-eater seals and penguins. By then we may have learned to manage what we clearly cannot manage satisfactorily today. But will the marine crops of the future be harvested so easily as the great whales?

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PAUL ELMER MORE

'The Nation's' Conservative Editor

Francis X. Duggan

To anyone familiar with his political and literary conservatism, Paul Elmer More might seem an unlikely editor of a publication noted for political liberalism and service to 20th-century literature. More, who reprobated Theodore Roosevelt, Bryan and Wilson, Dreiser, Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis, had no objection to being called a reactionary, as he once told Irving Babbitt, "if only the word is properly taken." But he served on *The Nation* when *The Nation*, except for its literary department, was little more than a weekly dependency of the New York *Evening Post*, and the literary department was his principal concern. Besides, *The Nation* was not then so liberal as it later became, nor had the literary conventions of realism and naturalism yet acquired complete respectability.

Born in St. Louis in 1864, More came East in 1892, with bachelor's and master's degrees from Washington University, to take another master's at Harvard in Sanskrit and Pali. After teaching for two years at Bryn Mawr, he retired in 1897 to a cabin at Shelburne, N. H., where he decided, at some point during two years of solitary study, that his talents better fitted him for criticism than, as he had earlier hoped, for poetry and drama. The rightness of this decision is attested by the fourteen volumes of *Shelburne Essays* and *New Shelburne Essays*, most of them in literary criticism, which he began to publish in 1904. Religion, always a matter of importance to him, became the principal interest of his later life, and he spent the better part of his last twenty years — he died in 1937—on *The Greek Tradition*, a six-volume study of Platonism from the death of Socrates to the definition of the dogma of the Incarnation in 451. The sixteen years he devoted to journalism, as a concession to necessity, undoubtedly siphoned off energy he would otherwise have spent on literature, philosophy and religion, but they were not merely an interruption in his career.

His editorial connection with *The Nation* began in 1903, when he was offered the literary editorship of the New York *Evening Post*. Since 1881, *The Nation* had been owned by the *Post*, which drew most of its literary material from the magazine. Since *The Nation's* reviews were generally late, and even later when they appeared in the *Post*, the editors of the two journals had decided to establish a separate literary department for the newspaper. More was to write the daily "Books and Reading" column, to take what he pleased from *The Nation's* reviews, and to write or solicit whatever else he needed. He managed to do less reviewing than he had done on the *Independent*, discussing only those books he wanted to read and keep, and giving most of his attention to collecting and holding a staff of good reviewers.

In July, 1906, he took charge of the literary department of *The Nation* too, from which time until 1915 most of his articles and reviews appeared in both publications. While his magazine duties involved him in general office routine, Hammond Lamont, the editor, gave him as much time as possible for literary work. During the second year he was relieved of the *Post's* "Books and Reading" column to do more reviewing for *The Nation*, but when Lamont was absent from the office during the summer of 1907, first on a European journey, then because of illness, More took on much of his work. Upon Lamont's death, in 1909, More was offered the editorship.

Shortly before, when it had appeared that Lamont might resign to teach at Williams, More, though resolved not to serve under anyone brought in from the outside, was also reluctant to accept, should it be offered him, a post which would leave him even less time for his own writing. By 1909, he had published six volumes of *Shelburne Essays*, several other books and numerous uncollected articles in a dozen periodicals. Having desired fame since childhood, he could write in 1906 that "enough praise falls to me to show what fame would be." His criticism was praised by Charles Eliot Norton; William Roscoe Thayer, then editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, thought it the best criticism in English since Matthew Arnold. More's reputation, therefore, might have opened other chances for earning a living, but apparently none which would have been acceptable to him. He had found his two years at Bryn Mawr a dull routine of lectures, committee meetings and petty responsibilities, and in 1911 he was to refuse an invitation to teach at Dartmouth. What he wanted was time for independent scholarship, but he had long known, as he told Norton, that there was "no living in essays." With some reluctance, though conscious of the honor, he became the fourth editor of *The Nation*, at a salary of $4,500.

Owing partly to the policy of the owners but chiefly to More's ability, *The Nation* was better known during his editorship for its literary, than for its political, commentary. The publishers insisted that he choose his political editorials from those appearing in the *Evening Post*, and the *Post* handled circulation and all other business matters of *The Nation*. Otherwise, More had full charge of the magazine. It is unlikely that he resented these limitations on his autonomy, since they spared him distasteful chores and left him free to write articles and reviews, and to maintain and edit the work of a distinguished group of contributors—Irving Babbitt, Frank Jewett Mather, Prosser Hall Frye and Stuart P. Sherman among the regulars; on occasion men like A. O. Lovejoy, William James and Joseph Warren Beach. His staff consisted at first only of Harold de Wolf Fuller, later of Fuller and Stanley Went. In 1909, he tried to get Sherman to join him, but Sherman preferred teaching.

More would never condescend to his readers; *The Nation* was a *critical* journal, its standards severely intellectual. Sherman once

Francis X. Duggan, associate professor of English at the University of Santa Clara, is the author of a forthcoming biography of Paul Elmer More. This essay is the second in The Nation's *100th-anniversary series.*

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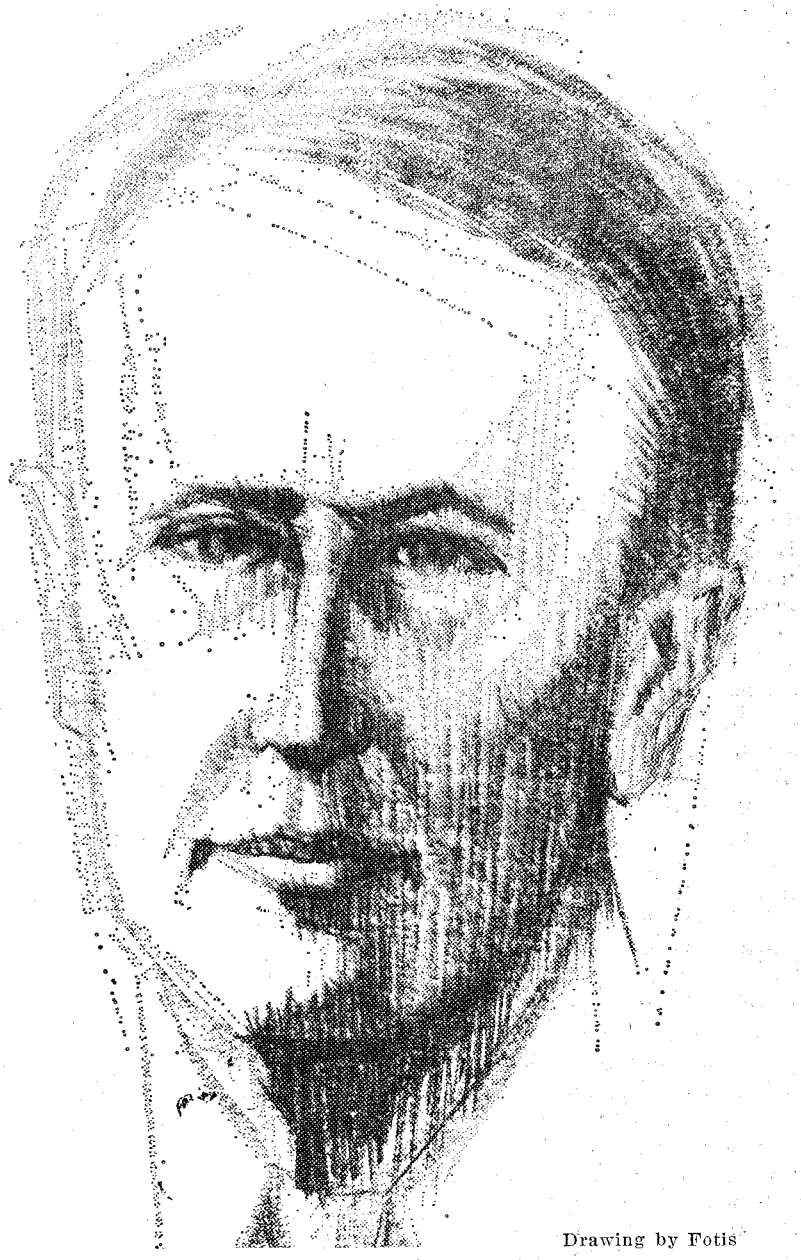
complained that the short space More allowed his reviewers prevented their doing full justice to their subjects; had they more space they could note the virtues of contemporary literature as well as condemn its vices. To this More replied that while "romantic appreciation" seldom appeared in *The Nation*, "an excess of judgment over 'appreciation' is no bad thing in these days." Since he chose his own contributions, he naturally drew men whose views were close to his own, but he permitted them the free expression of their opinions and criticized them only when they failed to meet his editorial standards. He might reject one of Sherman's pieces on grounds of logical inconsistency, but he would print others he thought unduly flattering of the multitude. He was also strict with himself. When he had written out his essays, he pruned them severely, not only of illustrative material, which he might have removed in the interests of space, but of expressions of his more personal opinion. These deletions he would restore in the *Shelburne Essays*.

More was greatly concerned with the literary style of *The Nation*. Admitting the diversity of good usage, he yet insisted on the existence of a best usage, derived from the best literature. Convinced that purism was a lesser threat to modern speech than the impending disintegration of all standards, he thought *The Nation* could perform a service to the language by upholding English over journalese. His own prose models included Shaftesbury, Addison, Johnson, Cowper, Southey and Chesterfield.



Drawing by Fotis

A sense of style, he found, was particularly lacking among university scholars — a troublesome defect, since he depended on these men to maintain the quality of *The Nation*. Nor was it the only trouble they gave him. He "soon learned that it was virtually impossible to get fair consideration for a book written by a scholar not connected with a university from a reviewer so connected." For this reason and others (literature stood in greater danger "from the false praise of log-rolling friends and climbing subordinates when reviews are signed, than from dishonest backbiting when reviews are anonymous") he preferred anonymous reviewing. Except for an occasional signed or initialed item, the only signatures in a typical issue of his *Nation* are to be found in the letters to the editor.

More's comments on books and editing show that, like Dr. Johnson, he believed literature was meant to be read. In reprints of older works he favored modernization of spelling; in any work, clear, readable type, attractive page design, convenient size and weight. It is curious that he was not equally solicitous for readers of *the Nation*, which during his time, as before, had an undistinguished, old-fashioned format, with three narrow columns of uniform type on a narrow-margined page. Section headings were in somewhat larger type, and titles of reviews were italicized, though most departments carried untitled reviews; all section headings and all titles were confined to one line of single-column width. There was little about the dress of the magazine to attract a reader not already convinced that he had business there. More's attitude toward format probably did little for circulation—though it rose during his editorship from some 6,000 to some 11,000 copies—but it did not prevent *The Nation* from being one of the best literary journals in the language.

His insistence on intellectual seriousness is related to his views on formal education, which occasionally appeared in *The Nation* as they had in the *Independent*. He deplored the growing importance of the physical and social sciences in American colleges, especially

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since it was accomplished at the expense of the humanities. Yet he admitted that the classics had fallen into disrepute because those who ought to be teaching and defending them had abandoned them either to spineless dilettantes or to the "philological syndicate" which he believed controlled the teaching of modern literature throughout the country.

More complained all through his journalistic career of "the endless necessity of writing," of the "depressing" routine and "crushing grind" of editing. To get more time for his essays he thought in 1911 of settling at Princeton and coming in to *The Nation* three days a week, but Oswald Garrison Villard, owner of the *Evening Post* and *The Nation*, objected. When his wife came into an inheritance, More took the opportunity to resign. Besides wanting more time for scholarship, he had other reasons for getting out.

Knowing that the *Evening Post* was soliciting advertising from publishers to finance a new literary supplement, More feared that he would soon be pressured by the business office to relax his critical standards. A strong conservative, he was somewhat disturbed by the *Post's* liberalism, though that seems mild enough today. While it opposed corruption in all levels of government and favored civil-service reform and reduction of the tariff, the *Post* regarded child labor laws as within the province of the states and insisted that many other public ills were not remediable through legislation. More's private views, as on corruption and the tariff, sometimes agreed with the *Post's;* frequently they did not. The *Post* favored woman suffrage; More thought American politics already too emotional. In the elections of 1912 the *Post* supported Wilson; More, though he reprinted *Post* editorials on the campaign, favored Taft, distrusted and would soon detest Wilson. The *Post's* advocacy of Wilson, he was afraid, would lead it into "greater and greater extravagances of radicalism" until he would be driven from *The Nation*. Finally, there had existed, from the time he first joined the magazine, a deep antipathy between him and Villard. More disliked his employer's reformist inclinations; Villard thought him a smug, reactionary intellectual.

More resigned in August, 1913, though he stayed at his post until the following March and served nominally as advisory editor for the next three years. Fearing that Villard would ruin the journal if unopposed, More tried to get Sherman to succeed him. Had Sherman consented, More's sense of having fulfilled his obligations to the magazine and its readers would probably not have lasted long, since he and Sherman soon had a falling out. Sherman, who believed that in order to raise the level of popular culture the critic must unbend a little, criticized More for his intellectual severity; More, after watching Sherman gradually adjust himself to the religion of democracy, concluded that he had made "no less than a compact . . . with the devil." But Sherman did not come to *The Nation*, and Fuller succeeded More until 1918, when Villard took direct control.

More's first piece in *The Nation*, an anonymous review of Chesterton's *Robert Browning*, had appeared in 1903, before he became Lamont's assistant; his last, in 1918, was an anonymous paragraph on Louise Creighton's *Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin*. In between stand forty to fifty signed or initialed articles and several hundred smaller pieces, most of them published anonymously. The essays—on such figures as Thoreau, Lafcadio Hearn, Dickens, Gissing, Chesterfield, Freneau, Rousseau, Sir Thomas Browne, Wordsworth, Tennyson, William Morris, FitzGerald, Whitman, William James, Meredith, Shelley, Herrick, Newman, Pater, Nietzsche, George Borrow, Beaumont and Fletcher, Gray, Jane Austen and Charles Eliot Norton—provided nearly the entire contents of four volumes of the *Shelburne Essays*, as well as some of the contents of three others and of the first volume of *New Shelburne Essays*. The shorter pieces cover a greater range of subjects, including some minor literary genres: religion, education, history, bridge and other games, detective stories, children's books, politics, various other odds and ends.

One evidence of the ideological differences that separated More and Villard is the fact that the political essays of More's *Aristocracy and Justice*, which incensed the liberals of his day and endear him to conservatives in our own, appeared elsewhere than in *The Nation*, most of them in the *Unpopular Review* and, as it later became, the *Unpartizan Review*. Modern society, he argues in them, is less threatened by the revolt of the masses than by the wavering uncertainty of its leaders. Lacking the outward signs of authority which traditional aristocracies possessed, men destined by intellect and character to be the leaders of democratic societies find it difficult, first, to recognize and support one another and, second, to hold the loyalty of their people. The universities, he thinks, can be used to rally and to train this natural aristocracy, provided they first restore the classics to the central place in their curricula; for the classics, better than any other study, inculcate the virtues of aristocracy and, through their imaginative appeal, make the traditions of the past a living force.

Opinions like these may seem quaint and harmless in the 1960s; the fight for the classics has long been lost. Others have lately become more popular. Social justice, More writes, is a distribution of power and privilege, "and of property as the symbol and instrument of these," which will satisfy the distinctions of reason among the superior without outraging the feelings of the inferior; *"law"*—the italics are his—*"is concerned primarily with the rights of property"; "property is the basis of civilization." Aristocracy and Justice* also contains discussions of demagogy (with the unnamed Roosevelt as object lesson), humanitarianism (Jane Addams of Hull House), and the significance of World War I.

More did not believe, as it might appear, that social order is the product of the acquisitive instinct. He deplored the examples of Carnegie, Rockefeller and Schwab, which encouraged the materialism of a society already too materialistic; he himself was a kind and generous man. He believed, however, that social inequalities sprang from inequalities of human nature, that despite its inequities the existing social order was at least an order, and that humanitarian tinkering would result either in the destruction of civilization or in the introduction of some sort of godless tyranny. He put his trust in the slowly accumulated experience of the past, which he saw expressed in the imperfect

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institutions of the present; the impulsive schemes of reformers were essentially destructive, themselves expressions of the acquisitive instinct, even while operating on behalf of the poor.

The same conservatism marks his criticism. During his editorship, *The Nation* was the most important organ of the New Humanism, a school of American criticism which arose toward the beginning of the century under his leadership and Babbitt's, reached its greatest flourishing near the end of the twenties, and disappeared during the Great Depression. Frank Jewett Mather had written for *The Nation* as early as 1898; Babbitt and Prosser Hall Frye appeared in it shortly after More became assistant editor. During Fuller's editorship it continued to attract the Humanists, but after 1918 they looked for other organs. The central tenets of Humanist criticism were that man is essentially different from the beast, a moral being with the power and responsibility of guiding his own affairs, that fidelity to tradition is the best guarantee of both morality and artistic creativity, and that literature is under the obligation, whether explicitly or by indirection, of expressing the morality of human life.

More was little attracted to the writing of his own time. While he recognized grace and intelligence wherever he found them, he judged the work of Proust, Joyce, Dostoevski, Henry James, Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis to be essentially worthless.

Certain qualities connect his essays. Like Sainte-Beuve, he reads literature as the expression of character. He is particularly appreciative of minor writers with whom he shares some personal trait or interest in religion or morality: Vaughn, Louisa Shore, Whittier, Trollope, Sir Thomas Browne. If in some of these pieces he is more impressionistic than his classical standards might seem to allow, his defense is that criticism cannot deal with good minor writers except by relaxing its strict standards of literary excellence; with the great he is more severe. Frequently he places his subjects in some intellectual movement or historical tradition, which he then traces out. Generally he prefers Classical and neoclassical writers to Romantic, but his severity toward the Romantics springs in large part from a determination, never fully realized, to suppress certain Romantic tendencies he detected in himself. Yet his standards are not narrowly moralistic. Always sensitive to form and to style, to vividness of character, to descriptions of nature, he responds generously to many a writer, Whitman, for example, whom he might be expected to condemn. Vigorously attacked by the younger critics of his day—among others, by H. L. Mencken and Francis Hackett, later by Edmund Wilson and Allen Tate —he was respected even by his critics. He was awarded honorary degrees from Washington University, Columbia, Dartmouth, Princeton and the University of Glasgow, and he was forced by ill health to decline the same honors from Duke and Hobart. He was apparently twice considered for the Nobel Prize. And his *Shelburne Essays* are one of the most impressive individual achievements in American criticism.

In spite of the facts that his writing for *The Nation* was primarily literary and that he took his editorials from the *Evening Post* and published his own political essays in other journals, More's literary and political criticisms are a single activity. His literary essays contain many references to philosophical, social and political matters — to pragmatism, socialism, science, Darwinism, education, the social gospel — and his political conservatism draws heavily on literary sources. "All scholars," he believed with Matthew Arnold, "whether they deal with history or sociology or philosophy or language or, in the narrower sense of the word, literature, are servants of the critical spirit, in so far as they transmit and interpret and mould the sum of experience from man to man and from generation to generation."

He did not always find the role of the critic pleasant. "It is a desperately hard thing," he once wrote, "to go all one's life against the current of one's age." Placed against another of his beliefs, that a man's work should be "a part of the great and continuous intellectual life of his people," the statement might read like a confession of failure. It is not, for More believed that in the long run history justified the conservative. Yet whatever his politics, or his attitude toward contemporary literature, or his evaluation of his own success, he met his own standards and his standards were high. He may still seem, in many ways, an unlikely editor for the liberal *Nation*, but through both his editorial work and his own writing, he did as much as any of its other editors to maintain *The Nation's* reputation for serious aims and high achievement.

How To Make the College of Daddy's Choice Without Really Knowing Anything... Orville Palmer

Status symbols have their place and hour; they are as ephemeral as women's fashions, and as expensive, But a recent one, perhaps the most satisfying of all, has no price tag. It is a son or daughter attending a prestige college.

The admissions offices at our most famous colleges are devils for integrity, and increasing numbers of parents are making the painful discovery that old-fashioned money, high position and a public name no longer open the front gate—or the back one — to the college of their dreams. Nowadays, a six-months' assault on the portals, say, of an Ivy League institution offers scant hope of success; even a one-year assault involves too little and comes too late. The explanation has gone through a hundred paraphrases in the nation's press: we have been producing children at an

Orville Palmer is editor for College Board Programs, Educational Testing Service. He has published an anthology, American Boyhood *(Oxford University Press).*

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unprecedented rate. Also, we have never before had so many normal, average offspring. Unfortunately, such children no longer seem quite what our prestige college wants. It is looking for showpiece dazzlers: top scholars, brainy athletes, budding physicists. The usual schemes to get a child into college no longer work and, indeed, waste time and effort all around.

What ambitious, distraught parents of college-bound children need today—will need even more in the years ahead—is a long-range plan for college admission, and that is precisely what follows here: a fifteen-year plan for guaranteed college admission, a unique, ethics-free system for getting any child into the prestige college of its parents' choice.

The campaign starts, as foolproof plans must, with early childhood. The moment your child is toilet trained, enter him in the best nursery school in town. Here he will get properly started on his "poise, good social adjustment and qualities of leadership"—aspects of character dear to the hearts of admissions people. And even here it is not too early to undertake a scheme or two. For example, over a period of months you can teach your child to count backward from 100 to zero. Or you can secretly utilize one of the latest plans for teaching him to read and write by the age of 4, say with a typewriter. The idea is to make him seem precocious, and most teachers can be counted on to mistake such accomplishments for real precocity. College admissions officers snatch at talent as a drowning man does at a life jacket. Real talent is so rare or ill-defined in children that it is almost embarrassingly easy to fob off some parlor trick of infancy as the first bud of genius.

After nursery school, get the child at once into the best kindergarten available. Your tactic here is to force him for a year, so that in the first grade he will have a big jump on the other kids. Never forget that his classmates are his rivals. To put it bluntly, if your boy doesn't stand on their heads, they'll stand on his. All through elementary school keep his nose to it. While everybody else's kids are dozing along through the noncompetitive early school years, your child will be forging steadily ahead.

But nothing could be more foolish than to leave your child's training wholly in the hands of his teachers. Most school classes plod along at a pace set by the dullest. You must supplement your child's diet with richer fare. When he is 5 or 6, buy him his first long-playing records: spoken scenes from Shakespeare and readings of good Victorian poetry. Play these to him each night at bedtime, on high-fidelity equipment. A year later, introduce him to simple crossword puzzles and other word games; make sure he works the ones in the daily and Sunday papers.

As for his mathematics training — a vital matter — aim at having him well into elementary algebra by the age of 8. By the time he is a high school senior he should be auditing a calculus course at the local college or, preferably, a course in atomic physics if they have one. Equally vital is an extracurricular reading program. Your child should be reading unexpurgated novels by the age of 10. A minimum of two a week in the last years of grade school, four or five a week thereafter. Your goal must be no fewer than 3,000 good books, thoughtfully read, before he finishes high school.

About foreign languages there's less hurry. Start him on French: two or three lessons a week, privately, in the third grade and continue the language through grade and high school. He'll be eagerly reading Zola and the spicier current novels in the original French before he reaches high school. This, you may feel confident, will assure him a top score on his College Board French exam. Don't worry about those other parents who will try to finesse you by switching their kids from French to Russian in high school. Don't even consider adding Greek or Latin. These languages on a high school transcript make some admissions officers feel inferior and resentful.

After grade school comes another major crossroad: you must decide what high school to send your child to. It should be either very good or very bad, and the choice is not easy because there are advantages to each. The prime virtue of the really bad high school is that it has rock-bottom standards and can usually be counted on to have low-ability students. Quality of any sort has a better chance to come to the fore, and that's why your child is there. With a little encouragement from you, he will readily be able to graduate in the top fifth or tenth of his class.

The inferior high school offers other advantages. You will have picked one in a remote, scantily populated section of the country, far from the college of your choice. (If it has never heard of your high school, your luck is complete.) Location alone can improve your odds greatly, since every college worth its salt, and many others, is ambitious to pose as a National Institution that draws its talented students from all fifty states and many lands abroad.

As another benefit, the inferior school undoubtedly has a low salary scale, a trustworthy guarantee of inferior teachers, predominantly female (the weaker sex being the more readily exploited). You should see to it that your offspring is assigned to women teachers exclusively: poor teachers almost always give higher marks than good teachers, and women teachers are almost always more lenient than men teachers. See to it that your child is among the best-liked students in his class; have him cultivate winning ways. For, again, popular students are marked higher than their measured achievement would appear to justify. If your child is a girl, better yet. Girls, although no more intelligent than boys, receive the higher grades.

And the advantages, now, of sending your child to a good high school? There are several, though not so obvious and clean-cut as the ones for selecting a bad school. The teachers are better paid and thus more competent; the facilities are superior. Your child will get a better education, although that is not actually relevant to your main purpose. As part of that education, make sure he takes a flyer into the school's honors and advanced placement classes. These are college-level classes taught by the school's top teachers. Get him into four or five of these. (This will be quite apart from his auditing of courses in the local college.)

Again, in this good school, aim for the top tenth of the class. Don't allow your child to be one of the top five students, however: it is too conspicuous, and apt to arouse the real interest of a college admissions

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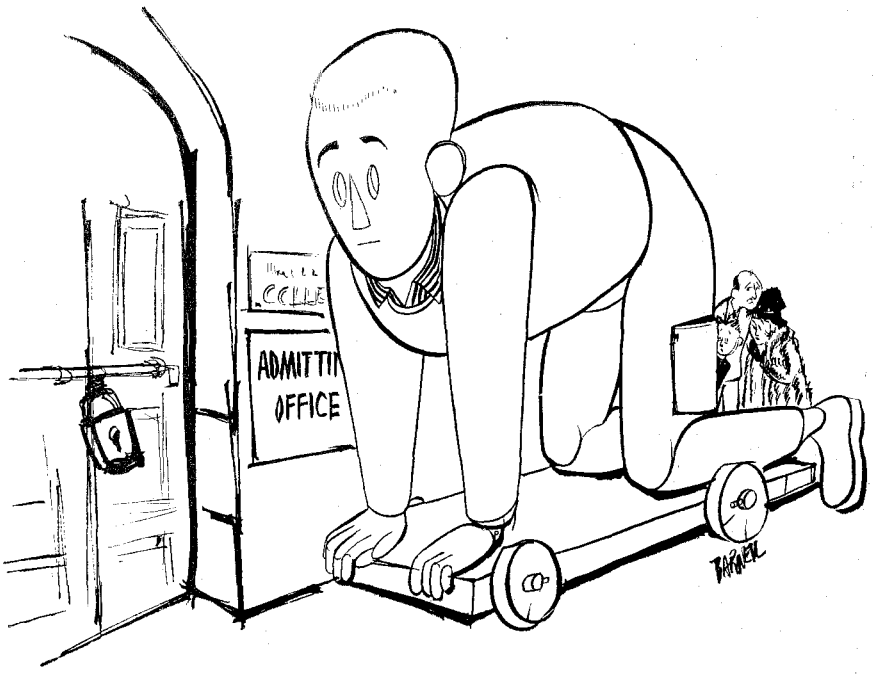
office, leading them into catastrophic inquiries. If, say, it is a class of 300, keep him anywhere from sixth place to thirtieth.

There are infallible methods for influencing teachers and bending them to your purpose. You must understand that all marks are hopelessly biased and subjective, a half-rewarding, half-reporting kind of assessment. This means that you must mount a continuing campaign to ingratiate yourself in the academic community. One easy way among many to cultivate this garden is, at some open-to-the-public school meeting, or at a school board meeting being covered by the local press, to rise in the middle of the proceedings and deliver an impassioned appeal for higher teacher salaries. You need not follow up the speech with further action; indeed, you *should* not. Who wants the local tax rate to rise? All you want is to be publicly identified as a true friend and champion of the teachers. You may count on at least a one-point rise in your child's grades if you do it properly.

Whatever the school, keep your boy away from high school sports unless he's a really extraordinary athlete. The prestige college you are aiming for hasn't had an all-American athlete in twenty years. The admissions officer, in all likelihood, hates the very mention of collegiate sports and finds it one of his supreme pleasures (of the few remaining) to frustrate the college's athletic coaches by rejecting all promising athletes.

Finally, something must be said about that age-old art once labeled cheating: for instance, helping your boy write his English themes, checking the answers to his mathematics homework, offering suggestions as to the content of a crib being got ready for an important test, and the like. Victorian morality—to put it in a nutshell — will hardly prepare your child for adult life in today's society.



And now for the college admissions aspects of your campaign. Never forget that the college admissions officer is the enemy, a sly old fox, battle-scarred and stony-hearted, who is far more intent on keeping students out of his college than in letting them in. The whole aim of your effort will be to give him no reason for rejecting your child. Every action you take must make it harder for him to do so — and ultimately impossible.

Subtlety is the key word. For example, it may occur to you to ask your company president (who happens to be an alumnus and a member of the college's board of trustees) to write a testimonial letter. Don't do it; not on your life. Letters of that kind are a dime a dozen and only count against you. Be the one parent who doesn't submit testimonials. It will buy you immense good will from every member of the admissions staff and faculty admissions committee who has to plow through your child's dossier.

One of your last hurdles will be the required battery of college admissions tests. In sophomore year start your offspring on one or two of them for practice. By the time he is a senior, he'll sink his teeth into them like a hungry bulldog.

In the summer preceding and during the autumn of your child's senior year, the surveying parties will begin departing. That is, your child's classmates and their parents will start driving away on weekend trips, to look over colleges and to be interviewed. Do no such thing yourself. You allowed your boy or girl to see the campus fleetingly at the age of 7; that once is enough. Thereafter keep strictly away from the college. If the admissions office requires an interview, let the child be seen by some friendly local alumnus. Whatever you do, keep away from that old fox, the admissions officer. He has an interview technique that would make the angel Gabriel sound inane. Never doubt it, he could demolish your babe in thirty seconds.

However, if a campus interview is demanded, put it off as long as possible. Then, the day before the date set, wire the college and report that your child has been hurt while rescuing a tiny girl from beneath the wheels of a speeding car, and that the broken leg will be in traction for a month at least. By then, of course, it will be too late to have a campus interview and the college will have to waive it. The telegram, happily, will be placed in the admissions dossier, where it should help to make rejection impossible.

Such are the highlights of the only plan for guaranteed prestige college admission. Any parent resolute enough to follow the basic rules and tactics outlined should have no trouble getting his kid into a top-flight college. The plan, of course, guarantees admission and nothing more. After arriving triumphantly at college, your boy or girl may discover the frivolities of sweet dalliance and two months later be bounced right out of college and back home again.

Fortunately, a friend of mine has just evolved a foolproof four-years-in-college plan. It guarantees the child of any ambitious parent a listing on each term's Dean's List of Honor Students, junior year initiation into Phi Beta Kappa, and graduation *magna cum laude*. No resolute parent of a college-bound child will wish to be without it.

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'I Was Always Mad At The World'

HUSTLER! The Autobiography of a Thief. By Henry Williamson. Edited by R. Lincoln Keiser. Doubleday & Co. 222 pp. $4.50.

John Rechy

If it were only for what he himself chooses to tell us in *Hustler! The Autobiography of a Thief*, it would be difficult to feel much compassion for Henry Williamson, a near-illiterate Chicago Negro, now imprisoned for selling narcotics.

This is how *Hustler!* came into being. In the course of his duties as case worker for the Cook County (Chicago) Department of Public Aid, R. Lincoln Keiser encouraged Williamson, then applying for public aid after having been shot and crippled during one of numerous robberies and attempts, to tell his own story in his own words, tape recorded and later dictated in jail.

A book such as this must be considered from three standpoints. First, does Williamson see himself—or feel about his world—in ways which illuminate the merely factual? Second, has he "written" a book of any literary worth? (And certainly, sociology can be judged as literature, as Oscar Lewis and others have shown.) Finally, and most importantly as it turns out with this particular book, what does it say beyond itself; beyond its intrinsic content, how significant is this story in the broader context of an increasingly turbulent American life?

On the first count, the book fails. Williamson cannot or chooses not, to see himself. He is blind to his own world, what it means. He emerges as an animal; his world is a jungle of others like him stalking one another. Plunging casually into crime, apparently devoid of redemptive qualities, proud only of his brutality, unaware (through incident after incident of savage muggings, kickings, holdups, knifings, shootings) of the horror he creates, he can only narrate the details of a scene that is, inherently, crushingly moving. Not realizing that he intends to rob her, a young Negro girl flirts coyly with him—"puttin' a little switch in her walk . . . givin' a little 'come on' with her eyes." Finally aware, she hands him the money, still smiling even as she sees the gun pointed at her. Williamson is unaffected by the ironic sadness of this. He can see it, but he feels nothing. He quickly moves on to tell of his technique in robbing women, describing one as a "poor little defenseless woman," yet adding: "I think I like to rob women! Their eyes get so big!"

One despairs of finding in Williamson's document any consciousness of himself as a Negro product of the hungry racial and social hatred of our time. Not even his childhood has the quality we have come to consider typical for a "candidate for crime." Born in Montgomery, Ala., but moving to Chicago when he was 6, he admits to harmony among his family: "My brothers and my father worked . . . and the rest of us went to school. We had it pretty easy while my father was livin'. . . . The apartment we lived in had about five rooms. It was a pretty nice place. . . . I don't think I only loved my father, I semi-worshipped him too 'cause he was crazy about me. . . ." Even after his father died, Williamson is only able to say: ". . . things changed after he died. . . . You know how things get hard. It might have been close to the depression." (The editor tells us Williamson's father died in 1939.) "I think mainly the difference . . . was there wasn't no man in the house." But the family remained in the same "nice" apartment, though Williamson went to live with his aunt—his mother's idea, he comments, "to take some of the pressure off her." What that pressure was, the reader must surmise. Williamson typically cannot define it. This unawareness is a refrain throughout his narrative. His motives are a mystery to him. About a robbery he pulled: "I didn't really need the money." He refers to going out "makin' peoples miserable." After a robbery with a knife: "I really don't think I did this for money, and I know I didn't do it for the excitement. I can't really say why I did it. I guess it was just for the hell of doin' it!"

The only pain he feels is his own—when he gets beaten up by someone he intends to rob, when he is worked over savagely by sadistic cops. Commendably, however, in view of his own lack of it for others, he never asks for compassion, and this is curiously touching. After his release from prison: "When I got downtown, I got a cab and rode to Fifty-first and State. Now I didn't know where my peoples was at. . . . [A] shoemaker who used to give me money to gamble with . . . told me he knew I was innocent. I was guilty as the day is long, but I wanted to make him feel good, so I agreed with him."

Williamson seems barely conscious of being a Negro. There are amazingly few references to "white" and "black." He mentions "white" perhaps no more than a dozen times, and these references are only cursory. He seems, in fact, to prefer Negro victims—or find them more available.

He is sent South, as a 9-year-old, after getting into trouble in school for fighting with another student and, ironically, he remembers the South with perhaps the only note of longing in the book: ". . . on one of these big farms everybody knowed everybody, and there wasn't much cuttin' and shootin'." True, as a child, he could easily see the South as a land of comparative personal freedom—his own black-enclosed country world. But in retrospect, as a man, he is never conscious of the conditions of his people in the very land he idealized as a child.

One looks for focused resentment or hatred, but nowhere does Williamson seem to see or feel the sordid world about him, crushing him. Knowing, if only superficially, the areas of Chicago he depicts, one listens in vain for the infernal roar of the elevated trains. One never sees the "steaming black ghetto" the jacket blurb refers to: the Chicago of spider-web elevated irons that block out the sun, turning the streets where Williamson wanders into perennial dusk; the black faces peering desolatedly into the squalid streets from naked tenement windows.

But hatred there is in Williamson. Never focused. Not against the white man whom, again, he hardly seems aware of. Not against the filthy world of the slums (and it is mainly the editor who underscores for us the fact that Williamson lived in such a world). Not even (until the end of the book when Williamson says he wishes he "coulda pissed" on the grave of the cop, now murdered, who shot him) focused on the archetypal symbol of

John Rechy, a novelist, is the author of City of Night (*Grove Press*).

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ugly arbitrary authority, the corrupt cop.

Crime in itself is not very interesting. Recounting it over and over—as Williamson does—becomes boring. It isn't enough to have lived in hell. What is important is to convey that hell, to give it some meaning, perhaps to sound a warning. Williamson does not have the insight for this. His hatred is without conscious object.

On the second count, as a work of literature, *Hustler!* fails equally.

Mr. Keiser refers to Williamson's "remarkable ability to analyze and explain the patterns of behavior in the Negro slum community," to his "fine storytelling ability," his "wit." And Paul Bohannon, a professor of anthropology at Northwestern, in the commentary which follows the narrative, contends that Williamson "has told a great story." The blurb describes it as "a good story bristling with scenes beyond the inventiveness of a novelist . . . told with the con man's wit and humor and with pride."

Williamson is certainly proud of his "success" in the streets. However, as noted above, Williamson's "ability to analyze" is nonexistent. Nor is he a "good," "bristling" storyteller. The only time there is noticeable excitement in his narrative is when he details his muggings and robbings. Then one is aware of his breathlessness, his great pleasure. His wit is of the most superficial kind, never incisive, hardly revealing. ("The three things a man is crazy about is his woman, his car, and his money!")

Mr. Keiser admits to cutting "excess verbiage" and arranging incidents "in chronological sequence." (He also contributes intelligent footnotes explaining Negro jargon, though he fails to define "heart" as courage, rather than compassion or deep feeling: a misleading omission.) Still, the story itself has neither shape nor style. Startlingly, it does not even have the feel of Negro jargon (though this may have been entirely different in Williamson's *spoken* narrative). For one thing there is a marked lack of the rhythmic Negro use of obscenity. Evidently Mr. Keiser felt this "toning down" was one of his editorial chores (or perhaps Williamson was inhibited by the tape recorder). Whatever contemporary puritans may say about "obscenity," it provides some of the most magnificently poetic cadences of American dialect.

Nor can one attribute this inability to move us with his words to Williamson's near-illiteracy. Consider Jésus Sánchez in Oscar Lewis' *The Children of Sánchez*: "I can say I had no childhood. I was born in a poor little village. . . . Very lonely and sad is what it was." Williamson can only say: "I was born in Montgomery, Alabama, and I was six when I left." Manuel, in the same Lewis book, can say:

> *I was eight years old when my mother died. I was asleep on a mat on the floor. . . . As though in a dream I heard my father calling. He called to us when he saw my mother slipping away from him. . . . "Get up, you bastards! Get up, you sons-of-bitches. . . . Your mother is dying and you lying there. . . ." I remember my mother's eyes and how she looked at us.*

About the death of his father, whom he "semi-worshipped," Williamson merely says: "I remember goin' to my father's funeral. It was pretty nice." He goes on to describe what a "good funeral" is—lots of flowers, lots of people. He conveys no genuine loss despite the fact that it is then that he pinpoints the real "change" in his life.

This lack of shape and style in many tape-recorded works leads to the question of the power—the "truthfulness" if you will—of autobiographical nonfiction as opposed to fiction. First, because of its greater freedom, fiction imbedded solidly in reality can be more truthful than nonfiction written strictly as autobiography, with all the restrictions of self-incrimination such work implies—the open proclamation of one's confessional experience.

Second, the cliché that "everyone's life is a novel" is simply not true. For life to become art, and therefore illuminate the life it reflects, it must be filtered through the creative imagination. Shape imposed upon, meaning injected into, the anarchy of life—it's that, not merely observation, that truly reveals life.

Williamson has brought to literature only a pair of eyes.

Despite all of this, there is no

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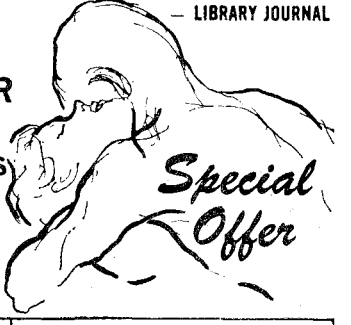

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doubt that *Hustler!* is a book worthy of the most serious attention—and Mr. Keiser is to be highly commended for bringing it into being.

If this book cannot be redeemed as a portrait by a Negro criminal of what it means to be a Negro criminal; if the narrator brings little of even primitive poetry or style, how is it possible to make such a statement?

"Fate was against me," Williamson states at one point. "I was mad at the world! I was always mad at the world!" And about one of his friends—and Williamson could have said it about himself:

> *. . . he had turnt to what you could call the bad side of life. It was probably in him all the time. Just waitin' for somebody to draw it out.*

This very lack of awareness gains staggering significance.

Viewed on its face, this book could turn fiercely on itself, spreading the very hatred and contempt that the Negro cannot afford: especially not at a time when the right wing in America—the loud decriers of "violence in our streets" (meaning, of course, only Negro violence)—seems ready to embrace a parody of the Calvinistic concept of the damned and the saved (in their terms: the divinely blessed rich and the divinely damned poor).

But in the perspective of what is neither said, felt nor understood by Williamson, the book accuses harshly and validly. This portrait of evil unaware of itself brings a chilling revelation that there are those so crushed that it is now impossible for them to see, to feel. Whether Williamson himself is consciously aware of his "Negroness" in a white world which thrusts it upon him, whether he is consciously aware of the littered, blighted streets and rooms he moves through apathetically in his trip through hell, the reader *must* be aware of them.

Does, then, a Henry Williamson have to know these things—consciously—to be a product of them? Or is it merely enough to state that "fate" was against him? If so, this "fate" is a disease now inherited, passed on incipiently from generation to generation, long dormant and at last flaring in all its symptoms. If Williamson is never able to depict the ugliness of what surrounds him, to understand his own violence, doesn't that very fact indicate something poisonous in the world, something so insidious that Williamson and others like him are absorbing it daily by a process of osmosis? Certainly, one can breathe violence as one can absorb decay. Both surround Williamson. One doesn't have to be aware of the causes of a malignancy to feel its pain. Williamson's personal revolt appears so meaningless in his own words that he himself does not recognize the object of it (the white Southern man and his dogs, the slums and their imprisoned odors of doom, the arbitrary authority of bully-sticked cops), but this means that he has inherited all the hatreds of generations, hatreds born of oppression, horror and pain, which are still rampant in his world but which no longer require explanation.

And so if at first we question Mr. Keiser's choice of revealing this particular Negro's story, we end up approving it.

Hustler! is the muted cry of uncomprehended, ancestral pain. If Williamson does not recognize the motives for his violent revolt or the object of his hatred—hopefully, perhaps, we still can.

Certainly Malcolm X could have explained it to him.

The Synanon Solution

THE TUNNEL BACK. By Lewis Yablonsky. The Macmillan Co. 403 pp. $6.95.

Edgar Friedenberg

Mr. Yablonsky's new book raises important questions at several different levels. It is so vivid and specific that I could not set it aside unfinished. Even the unctuous style adds curiously to the book's interest, since it helps to define the values and frame of reference from which the author writes. *The Tunnel Back* is also a masterpiece of advocacy and special pleading. Mr. Yablonsky is a long-term admirer of Synanon, which he praised at some length in his earlier work, *The Violent Gang.* In *The Tunnel Back* he has most fervently devoted a long and skillful work to that remarkable organization.

Yablonsky describes Synanon's mode of operation proudly, explains why it functions as it does, restates rather fully most of the criticisms that have been leveled against it, and refutes them to the satisfaction of readers who share his values. I do not; but one can hardly ask more of a partisan than a fair presentation of the cause for which he pleads; and this, until the last chapter, Mr. Yablonsky makes. His book is candid, the more so since he writes as if he placed so little value on personal dignity that he cannot grasp the enormity of much that he relates.

Most readers probably know that the Synanon Foundation maintains voluntary residential centers to which drug addicts come to live and become free of their addiction. I have never visited one of these establishments, but Mr. Yablonsky's book informs me that they have become quite numerous [see "Experiment for Addicts" by Walker Winslow, *The Nation*, April 29, 1961]. The first Synanon House, established in Santa Monica in 1959, is the central office of the organization. Others are located in Reno, San Diego, San Francisco and Westport, Conn., and a program has been inaugurated among inmates in the Nevada State Prison. This last is a most important development, because the prison program is not primarily for drug addicts, but attempts to rehabilitate a wide variety of individuals having nothing much in common except their status as felons. By extending its activities in this way, Synanon therefore establishes a claim to be regarded as, in effect, a school of psychotherapy rather than simply a spontaneous institution created by former drug addicts in the process of helping one another. This means, furthermore, that Synanon's conception of assistance has now been advanced as appropriate for individuals in any kind of serious trouble with the law.

Synanon's growth has not been easy. It has been opposed by hysterical little bands of frightened people whose faces Mr. Goldwater's television campaign made familiar. Sometimes they have drawn blood; its founder, the highly charismatic Chuck Dederich, was jailed for twenty-five days for a zoning violation in the course of establishing the Santa Monica Synanon House—a useful initiation, perhaps, since Dederich, who has never been an addict, had not previously shared the experience common to Synanon's members, of feeling himself placed beyond society's legal limits.

The hostility of the respectable Right to Synanon, though predictable, is nevertheless ironical; for Synanon

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is completely on the side of respectability and demands unquestioning acceptance of the social norms that exist. Consistently, then, its program is suffused with brutal and aggressive contempt for its "dope-fiend" clients. Manifestly, to be sure, its position is the contrary; Synanists insist that they respect one another at "gut-level." Yablonsky quotes the answer Chuck Dederich gave to a questioner who asked what "inmates" of Synanon House were called. "We call them people," Dederich replied—a good, if facile answer. And a thoroughly misleading one.

Yablonsky's account of the reception and indoctrination of the "prospect" or novice at Synanon is both shocking and familiar—shocking because familiar. Synanon is supposed to be something original and humane. Yet, how uniform in design and operation the apparatus of "gut-level" indoctrination has always been, wherever and whenever it has been installed: the Church into which the supplicant Luther was received; the Maoist struggle session as Robert Jay Lifton has described it in *Thought-Reform and the Psychology of Totalism;* the Marine boot camp; the Zen master and his group of disciples. All these make the most of the dubious proposition that their neophyte comes to them as a petitioner to be tested, minimizing the social pressures that drive him to their door by treating those pressures as legitimate aspects of social reality that the neophyte has failed to meet. All of them isolate the recruit from contact with the outside world for several weeks, until his old identity has been smashed and a new prosthesis molded to fit the demands of the organization. And, most important, all of them depend heavily on institutionalized devices for mobilizing and focusing group hostility against any remnant of his old self that a member might have preserved, and reinforce that hostility with well-staged rituals of public humiliation. What is new in Synanon is chiefly the therapeutic cant in which all these procedures are discussed and justified.

Except for physical violence, which is forbidden, Synanon uses the cruder forms of hazing, too. Miscreant members are subject to formal excoriation by their status superiors, to whom they are forbidden to reply, in dressing-down sessions called "hair-cuts"—more serious offenders have their heads shaved in fact, and are then "produced" before the group in a special ceremony of humiliation. But its central procedure for therapy and indoctrination is the "synanon." These are held three times a week, and attendance is compulsory. Synanons are groups which include a shifting population of ten to fifteen people, whose purpose is to expose the self-concept of each member (which is assumed to be false and "defensive") to concerted and vigorous attack by all the others, till he gets his picture of himself in line with the image they are willing to concede him. "Synanon," Yablonsky observes, "involves a democratic approach to 'psychological interaction' ":

> *Although synanon groups shift, as an individual builds up "synanon man-hours," his particular emotional problems and weaknesses become well known. This information is consciously exchanged and passed around the organization. A person may get a "jacket" (or personality inventory) that becomes well-known. It is standard operating procedure not to maintain confidences expressed in a synanon. Personal data are Synanon property. An effort is made to use the information for the benefit of the indivdual and the group.*
>
> *This "fallout" of personal information helps to ensure the continuity of an indivdual's "treatment." In synanons, a well-known "tough guy," "lazy slob," "momma's boy," or other type of personality may be continually attacked on his specific problem until he "straightens out."*

It is now cliché in the ruder sort of intellectual or artistic fringe group to justify attacks on others as required by the attacker's personal integrity; he is, after all, expressing his honest feelings. Yablonsky uses this device repeatedly in his argument, stressing that Synanists feel that they cannot permit themselves the least dishonesty or subterfuge, just as they cannot permit themselves any narcotic or even a drink. "Although tough, the indoctrination is honest," Yablonsky states:

> *Despite the seemingly harsh quality of the "attack method," the newcomer is accepted and explicitly informed that he can change. . . . He is encouraged to believe that the tough, honest people who indoctrinate him must think that he can change or they would not waste their time.*

But, in fact, these people do not treat him openly and do not believe in him; their toughness and hostility, though doubtless real enough, are displayed to him as a deliberate manipulative procedure.

> *Chuck [Dederick] has concluded that: "addicts are emotional children who won't gamble. Addicts, like children, want a sure thing. Let us assume that at Synanon there is a 60 per cent chance of success. . . . Some addicts will seize immediately on the 40 per cent failure rate and use it as a rationalization for continuing their use of drugs. They would say, 'I'd be among the losers.' As of now, the percentage of people who come here and of those who remain is not published. I have the data, but I won't release them to general public attention. It might present a rationalization to some newly arrived addicts and might interfere with their potential success in Synanon. Our batting average for success with the people who come here has climbed progressively each year we've been in business. Our holding power has gone up! I'm not going to mess with this delicate instrument—it works!*

This statement perhaps explains the approach taken by Chuck's lieutenant, Jack, in an intake interview with a "prospect" at Westport:

> *You'll be told when to talk and not to talk, for a while. You will kind of be told what to do for a*

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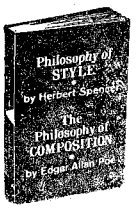

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while. I guarantee you that if you go through the motions that we describe and prescribe for you, you'll end up being a man.

We may ship you off to Santa Monica. Drive you back there in a great big Cadillac that we own. We don't know quite yet which way you'll be growing up, but I guarantee you this again, if you stay and do as we say, you will grow up. There is no question of this in my mind.

A written report by one of Mr. Yablonsky's students at San Fernando Valley State College which Yablonsky says "reflects the typical observations made by many . . . who have visited Synanon," raises more succinctly than Yablonsky does himself the central issue that Synanon's conception of therapy presents:

An interesting factor which I had become increasingly aware of throughout the evening and which was particularly manifested in Dick [a 25-year-old former high-school science teacher] was a kind of brainwashing that the residents seemed to have undergone. By this I mean they seemed to have incorporated the ideas of Chuck Dederich, Reid Kimball, and the other directors of Synanon as their own. When I mentioned this to Dick, he said that "brainwashing" was the exact term used when he first arrived at Synanon. He said that when he relayed his sentiments to Chuck, he was told that "brainwashing" was precisely what they hoped to accomplish; they at Synanon wanted to wash out things in the brain that had caused his trouble up to now and start fresh with new ideas, attitudes, and values.

One would hardly anticipate that, with this philosophy Synanon would receive wholehearted support from the psychiatric profession. It hasn't, though professional attitudes toward "the club" have been more mixed than I would have expected. Most psychiatrists would probably agree that Synanon's way of treating individuals, who are as dependent and defeated as addictive personalities are likely to be, might well terminate their addiction—at the price of making them worshipfully dependent on the people to whom they had submitted. If "staying clean" is a sufficient index of therapy, then I would grant that Synanon "works," despite Dederich's reluctance to depress his prospects by the presentation of data. But therapeutic effectiveness is not judged on the basis of single symptoms but on total personalities. Synanon can often evade being so judged because the particular symptom it is set up to suppress is abhorrent. This tips judgment in its favor in several ways. A "clean" addict is counted as a score, no matter what the cure may have done to his more valuable attributes. For Synanon, as a matter of doctrine, these do not and cannot exist in an addict. This fact is made very clear to the "prospect" in the following excerpt from an intake interview:*

. . . I guarantee that if you go through the motions that we describe and prescribe for you, you'll end up being a man, not the sniveling, whining brat that you are now. You'll be a man.

Prospect: *What makes you think I'm a sniveling brat? You only know me for five minutes and . . .*

Jack: *You see, people that use drugs, people that steal hub caps, people that go in and out of jails,* people that go to nut houses for help (emphasis mine) *are sniveling brats in my opinion, and my opinion carries a lot of weight in this house. Get that gut level. Try to understand that, and if you don't understand it, act as if you understand . . . you kind of behave yourself and keep your big mouth shut. Listen to what's going on around you—you might learn something. Don't be so frightened about learning something. You see, you almost learned something a moment ago—the fact that you are a whining, sniveling brat. But you fight it.*

The title of Yablonsky's book is taken from one of Chuck Dederich's many sage observations: "Synanon is a tunnel back into the human race." The addict, then, is assumed to be outside it.

But the illegality of drug addiction permits Synanon to distort the assumptions that conventionally underlie psychotherapy in more subtle ways than simply by counting the suppression of a symptom as a therapeutic victory. A major problem in most psychoanalytic therapy is to help the patient distinguish between the misery that he causes himself and the misery that other people cause him, so that he can assess responsibility realistically and come to understand why he involves himself in situations that defeat and destroy him. In the course of such therapy, a drug addict would certainly be obliged, as he is at Synanon, to question why he kept doing something that made it possible for people to cheat him, beat him, throw him in jail, and ruin his life. But he would not be obliged to agree that his mistreatment was the just and inevitable result of his childish refusal to concede society's omnipotence. Much of his therapy would be focused on the very fact that he—the patient—always managed to get into serious trouble by doing something that many other people, after all, manage, albeit unwisely, with cautious impunity. But when that "something" is taking drugs—in the United States, at this time—it is possible to mobilize in the addict, as Synanon does, such abject terror of social sanctions that he surrenders totally his claim to respect as a human being.

This, in turn, tempts Synanon into a position of frightening fanaticism. To the foundation anathema is not, I am sure, the fate of the hypothetical 40 per cent who fail and pass tragically out through its portal to prison, madness or suicide. The "club," in fact, rather depends on them *pour encourager les autres.* The veritable anti-Chuck is the individual who manages to live with his addiction. Synanon, for obviously sound administrative reasons, cannot accept him as a resident; it quite properly and stringently forbids *any* use of drugs by its residents, even under medical supervision. But it also goes much further in insisting that no one who uses narcotics can be decent, and responds with great hostility to the "adjusted" user who does not resort to Synanon. There is surely something more than concern for one's fellow man—and something less than responsible use of evidence—in Chuck's observation:

Contrary to the myth perpetuated by music unions, Down Beat *magazine, and others that there is no tie-in between dope and jazz, when you "pull the covers off," we in Synanon have found that most jazz musicians use some kind of illegal drugs.*

The fact that the jazz musician is a national hero to many of our susceptible young people is a vicious factor in encouraging and supporting drug use by many adolescents. The glorification of the dope-fiend horn tooter contributes greatly to the drug addiction problem. These "heroes" are negative role models.

. . . I would suggest something which may sound brutal at first glance—lift the union cards of all known drug addicts in the music business. This would force them to do something about their problem.

Yablonsky also reports:

One Saturday evening, at Syn-

*This appears to be the same interview from which a practically identical excerpt is quoted above. It is not given in the same portion of the book, and Yablonsky does not state.

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anon's traditional "open house," a visitor, a Hollywood movie producer, was engaged in an intense conversation with a Synanon resident. The discussion was cordial until the producer revealed that he had a "pill habit." The situation changed dramatically. He was brought into the coordinator's office, where he was clearly told that "no using addicts could be permitted or tolerated in Synanon." He was firmly told to leave. It was suggested to him that if he wanted to enter Synanon to deal with his problem, he would have to apply like any other "dope fiend."

What Synanon tries to do, and I am sure successfully accomplishes, is rather more thorough than brainwashing. By treating their sick and frightened "prospects" like bad babies, they induce them to permit Dederich and his staff to throw their old self out with the bath water. But this, after all, is the only self they had; the wraith that tries to grow in its place is most often a local specter, bound to Synanon House. Their "prospects" as they "grow up" are reluctant to leave, which, as Yablonsky notes, makes the usual ways of evaluating therapeutic effectiveness difficult to apply. "Life at Synanon," he observes, "is pleasant (involving many aspects of 'club' living), and there is no great impatience to leave this situation and return to the environment that originally produced the problem."

In spite of this difficulty, professional assessments have been attempted. Chuck Dederich notes of a state psychologist who had visited a synanon:

At the end of the session, the psychologist made the flat statement that this was the most "destructive approach to human behavior" he had ever witnessed in his twenty years of practice. I said, "But we're all clean, and nothing else has worked." He stuck to his guns. This man, whom I liked, who is probably intelligent in all other areas of life, could not see any non sequitur *in his thinking!*

Other psychologists, Yablonsky reports, have responded more favorably—indeed, enthusiastically.

His final chapter, "The Newest Profession," is a rather curious document. Here Yablonsky abandons from time to time the posture of enthusiastic guide, patiently explaining to a visitor who is not quite a "prospect" the merits of his novel therapeutic apparatus. His tone, instead, becomes whining and bullying. His particular target is the therapeutic establishment: "Professional Monopo-

WANTED

SOMEONE TO LOVE US

Hand in hand, frightened hungry children walk along an unfriendly street. No one stops to see if they need help. Thousands of these children find their way into the British Colony of Hong Kong.

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ly, Resistance, and Attack" is the subtitle of one section of the chapter; another complains that The California Department of Corrections harasses Synanon. But his comments on The National Institute of Mental Health, which granted the California State Department of Parole $390,000 "for a 'Synanon-style'" demonstration program, while rejecting Synanon's application for support (apparently for its ongoing program rather than research, though Yablonsky is vague about this), moves him to rhetoric that reinforces my fears that there is indeed a Synanon state of mind that is more important, by far, than the "club" itself.

In spite of this bureaucratic hypocrisy, Synanon, with no government support in the year 1963, successfully *treated more than 150 addicts (mostly from the East Coast). In this same period of time, the "government-approved" project, the psuedo-"Synanon-style" program, according to several reports, has failed with about twenty addicts!*

This case sheds some light on some old and new wrinkles of bureaucracy. Why should a bureaucratic structure like the N.I.M.H. grant funds to a potential imitation *instead of to the genuine, already proven product? One possible answer to this question is that the bureaucratic mind, by definition, is more interested in* form *than* results. The real Synanon was implicitly "punished" because it did not fill out its application forms as well as the potential imitation.

The fact that the genuine Synanon organization know less about properly filling out forms than about treating addicts was apparently of crucial significance to the bureaucratic decision-makers. (All emphasis in original.)

The role of defender of a government bureaucracy is unfamiliar to me, and I hardly expect to fill it gracefully. But I admire courage, particularly in the public domain, where it is indeed a virtue hazardous to its practitioner. Mr. Yablonsky tells us nothing about Synanon's application, except that it was improperly executed. But in *The Tunnel Back* he has certainly told us plenty about the applicant—more than enough to make me grateful to NIMH for what I take to be its steadfastness of professional purpose under potentially difficult circumstances.

Of all the interesting lessons to be learned from Mr. Yablonsky's work, the most important and perpetually timely is simply this: *No democracy can afford to have outcasts.* That is what we make of "dope fiends" and, in my judgment, for little or no reason. There is, certainly, a problem of drug addiction in this country: considering the complex of legislation and social and punitive agencies we have set up to deal with it, there had better be. And the desperate victim is doubtless

Walden Changes

But change composes, too, and chaos comes
To momentary calm,
—Wallace Stevens, ***Owl's Clover***

Shore, public hut site,
your hearth's grave place —
the literal monument remains,
bathed in the sunsmoke
of October afternoon.
Like water birds
last dappled leaves fly down
sinking to seem fish.
The limbs of white birch drown
pallid in clear water.
All relics are collected
and the beach is closed:
soundless, except your western Atropos,
clack-clack, now diesel,
disappears bankrupt to Fitchburg.
Now's too cold for bees to make new honey;
they winter in the hive
and there consume the old.
So we sip your morning words
addressed to us exactly.
***Walden*: in the reliquary of its print**
the tongues of summer gather;
liquid sounds ripen there and change.
Something of you unseals, breathes out,
walks into our air —
a cranky mood, its homespun pockets
scratchy, full of nails.
You come through hedge and stubble
to perform all parts
in a practical allegory,
each stage set with its antipodes;
for prompters you plant the ancients
on these young banks,
while the native woods crowd in.
All acts pool into the round
of a single scene, doubling out in ripples
that touch no shore they yet diminish to.
In that scene
the sole self at center
confronts its many selves,
seasonal selves, like costumes,
changing rapidly as light —
extravagant dissemblances:
Troy put on, pretense of Delphi,
now holy water dipped with the priest of Brahma,
now a studied mime of the wintry Cenobite.
And, for entr'acte, a simultaneous bold burlesque —
beans, bells, firesteed and frogs —
personae for a wise poor fool
who keeps no king,
and tells the prophecies of owls.
While, from the wings,
you watch as well,
a man without fit self to cover,
pale, trying the moult of these garments,
looking in the green glass of the blue water.
Which is how we watch
and what we watching are.
Nothing worn is warm enough
in the dark change coming.
No light is light enough,
but you so fix our eyes
that we see night with morning in it;
you make its cold warm,
a moth of its worm,
a leaf lapse from the globe of its bud.
Something of us
winters your grave possibilities
and wings alive into the present air.

Rosamond Field

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justified in turning to any source, on any terms, that promises to get him off the hook. Synanon, I believe, fulfills this promise, for those who accept its terms and meet them.

But by accepting them the addict becomes what, despite his stigma, he seldom was previously: a real menace to society—that is, to the social fabric itself. Crime, even violent crime—and most addicts are very passive people—does not permanently damage the fabric of society because the means of reparation are built into that fabric as a part of the definition of the behavior involved as criminal. Crime injures its perpetrators and its victims—if it is the sort of crime that has victims—but injury to society itself has been anticipated, so to speak; the social structure is built to take up the shock. Yet an American who permits himself to be treated as Synanon residents are treated, and convinces himself that this is beneficial, betrays his own dignity and thus betrays us all, even unto the National Institute of Mental Health. But not, of course, so fully as we have betrayed him by defining him as a "dope fiend" for whom Synanon may indeed be the best remaining hope, a place of last resort.

Dignity, we hold to be *inalienable;* it avails nothing to say that it has been surrendered voluntarily, in the interests of socialization. No foundation may be permitted the arrogance of supposing itself a "tunnel back into the human race." Let us redefine the boundaries, so that the tunnel will not be needed. The risks to society would certainly be smaller. Modern societies are not laid low by drug addiction. But authoritarianism, righteous and vulgar, has proved in our time to be a little harder to restrain.

Topping the Okus in Bates' Left Prat

WHIZ MOB: A Correlation of the Technical Argot of Pickpockets with Their Behavior Pattern. By David W. Maurer. College and University Press. 216 pp. $4.50 cloth, $1.95 paper.

Raven I. McDavid

In evaluating David Maurer's work, I must state at the outset that I have known the author well in many professional circumstances. This association has given me an insight into his methods and the depth of knowledge he brings to his field—the argots of the parasitical subcultures that the dominant culture romanticizes as the Underworld. In Maurer's case picaresque literature—particularly during the English Renaissance—suggested the persistence of argot. Even the *big con* (large-scale confidence operations), and the *send* (inducing the victim to invest more money than he has on his person) were known to the Elizabethans. For instance, Jonson's *The Alchemist* portrays a *big store (big-con* layout), though professionals commonly trace this institution no further back than Chicago at the end of the 19th century.

Maurer's interest was given a chance to develop into a specialty when he became established at the University of Louisville, as Louisville has a reputation for being an open city, not owned by any mob. Apparently most racketeers, like many members of the dominant culture, look forward all winter to Derby Week, as a chance to use their year's take in an effort to outguess the bookies and the mutuels. (The statistics show no advantage here for the grifter over the mark.)

In Louisville, the successful practitioner of criminal professions is usually on his good behavior (though some are not above beating a hotel bill *pour le sport*); once it was established that Maurer is interested only in their language and their culture, gentlemen's agreements were developed, some of which have lasted for decades. From this experience have come dozens of articles, and four interesting books: on race-track argot, on narcotics and narcotic addiction (written in collaboration with Dr. Victor H. Vogel, of the U.S. Public Health Service), on the behavior of confidence men, and this book, formerly a publication of the American Dialect Society in 1955 and revised last year.

Although Maurer enjoys his research, he deplores the thought of "adventures." "When I start having adventures," he frequently says, "then I'll know it's time to quit." He has only contempt for those who would romanticize the criminal as a rebel against confining society, or sentimentalize his sufferings as a victim.

No laboratory pathologist would romanticize or sentimentalize metastases; in his discussion of the criminal professions, Maurer is a social pathologist, concerned only with the facts of crime that are so often at variance with both popular opinion and legal technicality. He distinguishes sharply between the amateur criminal, a member of the dominant culture gone wrong, and the professional, who has deliberately chosen crime as a way of life. No embezzling banker, regardless of what he has stolen, can hope to have the status of a temporarily retired *class cannon,* or first-rate pickpocket, in the informal pecking order of a well-run prison. It is a sad commentary on our legal system that while 80 per cent of crime is committed by professionals, 80 per cent of the prison population is amateur. Successful penology would seem to demand more effective discrimination between the groups, with quarantining of the professional and rehabilitation efforts directed toward the amateur. The professional almost never reforms (though

Raven I. McDavid is a professor of English at the University of Chicago, editor of the 1963 abridgment of Mencken's The American Language *and vice president of the American Dialect Society.*

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he may simulate reform to convince the suckers on a parole board); if he loses professional skill he may adopt an occupation sanctioned by the dominant culture, but his values will always be those of the subculture in which he has lived.

Maurer follows professionals in dividing crime into three categories: First, the *heavy rackets*—bank robbers, safe crackers, racketeers, extortionists—who live by violence or the threat of violence; second, the *grift*—confidence men, professional gamblers, thieves—"which utilize the skilled hand, the sharp wit, or both"; third, *lone wolves*, such as swindlers and forgers. To these Maurer adds a class of *quasi-criminals*, such as pimps, blackmailers, criminal homosexuals, prostitutes and narcotic addicts without a recognized criminal profession. The pickpocket, *on the whiz*, belongs to the *grift*, not so high in esteem as the *big-con* artist (whose art involves the *send*—persuading the sucker to get more money than he has with him), but well above the *hanger bingers*, or purse-snatchers, and other kinds of petty thieves.

Maurer goes explicitly into a discussion of the life of the pickpocket, concentrating on the *class cannon* as an example of professional excellence. The discussion, while entertaining and spiced with lively anecdote, is rigorously anthropological in its approach, following the categories in *An Outline of Culture* by George L. Trager and Edward T. Hall. It is clear that no one sets himself up as a professional thief casually, or as an act of spite toward the dominant culture; professional status, like that of a physician, comes as the result of deliberate choice, long training and internship under experts. To carry the metaphor a step further, family background is important in both professions, and a *class cannon* once complained to Maurer that his boy was going into a troop of Cub Scouts and might be spoiled for life for work *on the whiz*.

Whiz Mob is naturally full of pickpocket argot—some of it going back to the Middle Ages. Both *tools* and *stalls* (the actual lifters of valuables, and the colleagues who manipulate the *marks* into accessible situations) employ this argot as a means of group identification, to set themselves off from both the dominant culture and other parasitic professions. It is inconceivable that one could master the argot without being *on the whiz*, though a few *single-O tools* (loners) achieve professional status without learning it. But in addition, *the whiz* is one profession where argot (and accompanying *offices*, or gestures) actually serves to conceal the operations of the professionals, who do their best work in crowds.

In a short review, one sample will have to suffice, a slightly burlesqued account of what happened to a pickpocket in police court:

> *Well, Judge, your honor, I was out gandering around for a soft mark and made a tip that was just going to cop a short. I eased myself into tip and just topped a leather in Mr. Bates' left prat* (Mr. Bates *is argot for the sucker) when I blowed I was getting a jacket from them these two honest bulls. So I kick the okus (wallet: a derivative of* poke *by a play on* hocus-pocus) back in his kick *(pocket) and I'm clean. Just then this flat-foot nails me, so here I am on a bum rap. All I crave is justice, and I hope she ain't blind.*

Sometimes there is unconscious irony in the pickpocket's evaluation of a fellow professional:

> *He killed a policeman out there, you know. It was a getaway. They broke jail out there, but he's a bad little guy, you don't need to worry about that. He's been bad all his life. . . .*
>
> *He was always so courteous about everything. Seems like he got such a . . . well, he didn't have such a good education, but it seems like he was brought up right anyway. His mother and father must have taught him how to treat people.*

But as far as the dominant culture is concerned, Maurer aptly comments that the pickpockets "regard a mark as a fisherman thinks of a bass"—simply existing to be taken.

Prisoners by Due Process

THE INNOCENTS. By Edward D. Radin. William Morrow & Co. 256 pp. $4.50.

Murray Polner

This is the most chilling and disquieting book published this year. Edward D. Radin, a responsible true-crime writer, has strung together nearly eighty cases tied with these ominous and persistent threads: all defendants were convicted after the due process of law had run its course, most of them served time in prison, and all were innocent. Radin believes that somewhere between 5 per cent and 20 per cent of all criminal convictions in any given year are a mistake.

There is the hoary legend that "innocent people are not convicted for crimes they have not committed." Or put another way, there is the incredulous faith that one simply does not confess to a crime one did not commit. Jake Ehrlich once remarked that jurors are almost always swayed by the confession because of that belief. Yet, he went on, no jurors ever had to live through the nightmare of arrest, pressure and terror for a crime of which they knew nothing.

The major theme of the book is that it can happen to anyone. You don't have to be a drifter, a Negro or an ex-convict, although it helps. A Washington, D. C., man, once a teacher and naval commander, a member of the board of trustees of a large church, left work in 1950, drove past American University and was stopped by police. Two 14-year-old girls accused him of indecent exposure. A respected church fund-raiser accompanied his landlady to the local police station to explain her bank overdraft and both were arrested for passing bad checks throughout the state. She went to prison for nine months, he for eighteen. A Brooklyn lawyer was debarred for a dozen years because a former client lied and the police, the district attorney and the jury elected to believe her. A West Coast teacher was ruined when someone placed narcotics worth $30 into his luggage at an airport. A pregnant young wife was jailed for passing phony checks in Indiana after seven storekeepers identified her despite eyewitness testimony to the contrary. She spent two years in prison, had a miscarriage, and ultimately became an invalid after her release. She was luckier than most. A shocked state legislature voted her $4,000 compensation.

Radin believes that people and not the law are to blame. He rightfully criticizes the indifferent lawyer (particularly for the poor defendant; a man recently freed from the Sing Sing death house announced on television that his court-appointed lawyers had visited him three times before trial for a grand total of twenty minutes), the brutal cops, the overambitious prosecutors, and the hysterical press. Until "something" is done, he argues, only

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the extracurricular dedication of an occasional hero—paradoxically, a cop or prosecutor or court-appointed lawyer—can bring about the miracle that frees the innocent.

That "something" includes proper police investigation of the accused's story "before starting the legal machinery against him," taking eyewitness statements with a good deal of skepticism, allowing defense lawyers access to the facts prosecutors have uncovered and an effective public-defender system. Should all of these miraculously be put into practice tomorrow there is, of course, no guarantee that justice will always prevail. But who can justify any less effort?

The Innocents is also an effective argument against capital punishment and for mandatory state compensation for the victims. Only ten states have such laws today. Another Ehrlich proposal is worthy of consideration. Might it be wise to insist that every candidate for a police job or prosecutor's office be required to serve time in jail anonymously? On the unproven grounds that he who has suffered tends to be considerate of others who suffer, it might be worth a pilot project or two. Or are we that much more protected because thousands of innocents may be languishing in some prison?

Night, Window, Wind

All night long the window
kept blowing open
bringing the last of the rain
to my pillow

letting the light deepen
along the ceiling
and the curtains run loose in
mild disorder

each time it blew open
I would awaken
to fasten the window but
it would not stay

again it would open
before I could sleep
until the morning grew wide
with thoughts of sleep

but the light seemed lighter
then than anywhere
and oh how the air was sweet
after the rain

Jack Anderson

ART

Max Kozloff

R. J. KITAJ

At predictable intervals, if with increasing desperation, "progressive" art still manages to be an outrage of one sort or another. We have almost come to expect that it will *not* look like itself, or *not* resemble some notion of "artness" which, in any event, is harder and harder to keep in the mind. After a half-dozen years of blatant attack upon aesthetic identities, artists have, in fact, obliged their spectators to swear loyalty to a masquerade in which both parties are knowing accessories to a delusion. The notion that ordinary or slightly modified objects and environments partake magically of "art," sometimes through only the most conditional mediation of the hand, and the simplest of concepts, is an index of a sophistication that has turned full around to sheer credulity. Disturbingly enough, our ever more liberal attitudes are arriving at a newly shock-resistant faith, and the visual encounter spirals up wearily into fresher scandals.

Under the circumstances, it is beguiling to see that some visitors to R. J. Kitaj's first New York exhibition (Marlborough-Gerson) reject an apparent equation of art with literature, of all things! It is as if informed taste had developed a puritanism not against ideas but against literary productions almost tangibly substituting for pictorial works. Since the reaction against Victorian aesthetics, the proposition that painting must eschew any strictly literary embellishment or association has been a bigotry of modernism. Even Cubist typologies and Surrealist poeticisms had to justify themselves formally before their wit could be admitted as backdoor bonuses of the artistic sensibility. It is the radicalism of Kitaj to come forth as a foaming-at-the-mouth 19th-century anecdotalist, and yet to speak as a member of the modernist family. To be didactic, or to tell stories accords very poorly with his techniques of disjunction, abstraction and even illustration, which recent painting has taught us to see as self-sufficient—and Kitaj, as a result, appears artistically schizophrenic. In a time that is committed to extending aesthetic boundaries, to indulgence of every kind of impurity (if it be of a Dada persuasion), his heresy is still inadmissible. But he eventually confounds, rather then confirms, the prejudice, while remaining intriguingly difficult on his own terms.

To begin with, one has to read tediously, or squint very hard, to make out many of his pictures. Of comfortable scale, they seem nevertheless to be written out in fine print. And sharply etched as are their images, they strut or jerk with the obscure, distant cadences of a nickelodeon. Much worse, each painting looks like a drunken, cross-eyed register of uncomposed visual footnotes, loaded with dislocated or scrambled figurations or legends, of every conceivable proportion and style, strangled by blocked-out areas or flat-painted scaffoldings, when they are not floating with disconcerting buoyancy in some far out perimeter. Furthermore, Kitaj's lightless, but heavily saturated, colors leap wildly and irresponsibly about the spectrum (harmonic transitions are invariably missing—black next to yellow), while his surfaces are either over- or undercooked, but always dry and stingy of pigment. The eye has no idea of what to do with this tissue of irritating messages and signals, in no observable sequence, but looking as though something of great import were being communicated. Unlike New York artists, who are very serious in their demolition of history, this young American expatriate from London high-mindedly exalts it—and so, perhaps, perpetrates the ultimate crime.

He also commits the grave sin of explaining too much about his art in a documented, annotated exhibition catalogue. If he is humble in indicating the dependence of his works upon outside sources, denying all originality, he is brazenly arrogant in making those sources the most esoteric imaginable, claiming for himself an erudition that would exceed the lifework of twenty scholars in as many fields. Of his "Randolph Bourne in Irving Place," he says: "The central figure is based on a painting by Moritz von Schwind called 'Rubezah.' The incorporated eyes were suggested by plates in *Physique and Character* by E. Kretschmer, London, 1925." In its bibliomaniacal frenzy, Kitaj's catalogue is, in fact, another of his works of art—one that incorporates his pictures, as his pictures often contain or imply his notes. He conjures a charade of knowledge, as in his deliberately overcluttered, unchronological present installation: the hodgepodge of memories on the canvases equaling the flotsam of learning

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in the book. Through it all, commingled with references to such things as I. A. Richards' criticism, various ethnological reports and *The Great Cleveland Infield and Mound Staff of 1948*, runs perhaps, two essential themes.

The one concerns socio-anarchist reflections on violence. Memorable is his depiction of the death of Rosa Luxemburg, and grotesque his spotlighting of such 20th-century tidbits as a news item explaining that nuns may use birth control in times of rape. With its faded photographs of executed Spanish Loyalists, and its erroneous lists of prominent Jewish Bolsheviks, Kitaj's art is like a *momento mori* of a defunct radical tradition.

But its other major theme interests me more. This exhibition is a convoluted reverie on art history, or rather certain art historical methodologies. The iconographical investigations developed at the Courtauld Institute at London through the researches of Warburg and Saxl, and now exemplified by Gombrich and Panofsky, obsess an artist who, like them, is an inveterate guardian of memories. Yet that their work monumentalizes the vicarious, and obstructs direct apprehension —because past experience is profoundly unrecoverable—couldn't be more obvious to him. In this respect, the pomposity and facetiousness of his own compositions are an elaborate fake out. (In tune with the false leads of the catalogue.) Even when he provides an outright derivation for a grouping of three figures (as with a pasted-in photograph of a sculpture by the 18th-century Italian, Canova, in *An Early Europe*), the information is inarticulate. For Kitaj has invented the derivation to show its essential pointlessness. Meaning, he says, does not depend on our awareness of sources, nor does content alter just because the continuity of a motif can be traced in different circumstances. One of the goals of the Warburg approach is to reconstruct the survival of pagan forms in the Christian West, and thereby to demonstrate a cultural unity springing from the Greco-Roman tradition as well as mythopoetic patterns and analogies that govern much artistic endeavor. But Kitaj short-circuits this by supplying all that an iconographer could desire, only to reveal how little he knows, or wants to know. The artist, rejecting a mode of inquiry which would illuminate, say, Mannerism by its employment of certain figurations from Imperial sarcophagi, asserts the proper relation of spectator means to ends—and insists upon his own particular identity. That is, he is not to be taken solely as a cultural phenomenon, or as a mere relay of earlier ideas but as an individual human being shaping the present. Paradoxically, though, he comments only on his own removal or divorce from the past, and all his painful evocation of historical events or styles underlines his lack of identity, his loss of coherence as an integrated observer, thinker and creator.

In this respect, Kitaj's underlying psychology of mistakes is relevant. He has forgotten, for instance, whether the original title of one of his motifs was "A Student of Prague" or Vienna, and he titles his series portraits of the baseball players, "Total Recall," although, in fact, he could not summon up a single one of their features. Often enough, he is capable of an exquisite and touching witticism when an association interrupts his train of thought, as probably happened in his "Early Harbingers of Christ," where one face suspiciously resembles that of Whittaker Chambers. And his incorporation of Matisse's head in the Canova ensemble is a subtle allusion to two different conceptions of sexuality, mutually subverted. But in general, Kitaj's art is a terrible demonstration that what can be gotten down on canvas, and what can be retained in the mind, are not the same things, and that faulty recollection wears away the specifically human and lifelike qualities of the psyche. He wants to capture certain states of extreme transience or complexity, irrational values, inarticulate sensations, resonances, correspondences, intuitions of shifting depths, before he will forget or digress —or sometimes, with mock helplessness, *through* forgetting and digressing.

The only artists Kitaj resembles, and perhaps owes some debt to, are Matisse—for his decorative sense—and Francis Bacon. From the latter, Kitaj seems to have derived the taste for strange prototypes, and the blur or bleed out—everything in his art which is not explicitly in focus. And yet, never for a moment is he out of control. In particular, his hard, brittle, ubiquitous line, so art schoolish and yet so commercial, never really varies in feeling, even when its pressure, thickness, and value, change. Emotionally, the whole show is refrigerated, a point illustrated not only by the deliberate conventionality and schematism of the forms but by the absence of compassion toward the monsters and aberrations they produce. When Bacon fails, it is because anxiety garbles his paint handling; when Kitaj fails, his intellectual insights have not overridden his affective muteness, and his effects become absurd without being ironic.

In the end, however, his sensibility does not resemble a painter's at all, but that of certain novelists: Jorge Luis Borges, and the enchanted stuffiness of his *Ficciones*, or John Barth in his madcap, euphuistic *The Sot-Weed Factor*, so full of conceits about the fact that things are not what they appear to be. Coming to mind, also, is the little novel by Harry Matthews called *The Conversions*, in which a young man, in order to win a large inheritance, must interpret the iconography of seven scenes engraved on a ceremonial adze. His researches, discovering the survival of an ancient religious cult (whose litanies have to be decoded from the writings of Renaissance composers and French revolutionaries), have more bizarre vitality than his own life. The problem that Kitaj ultimately presents, with the tweezers of his mentality, is that of a work of art whose adherent meanings far outweigh its existential value (its merely physical stimuli). In another, and more contemporary guise, this is also the challenge of Dadaism. The dilemma has been described succinctly in *The Shape of Time* by George Kubler: "The self-signals [of a work of art] taken alone prove only existence; adherent signals taken in isolation prove only the presence of meaning. But existence without meaning seems terrible in the same degree as meaning without existence seems trivial." In his best works Kitaj sits perilously on the fence between these two conditions. Aware of his own artifice, and the fictional nature of all art, he strives to contain actuality, and to root himself in the present, by pursuing the always elusive traces of history. But, to quote Kubler again: "Actuality is when the lighthouse is dark between flashes: it is the instant between the ticks of the watch: it is a void interval slipping forever through time: the rupture between the past and the future. . . . It is the interchronic pause when nothing is happening. It is the void between events." In each of his entirely differentiated pictures, Kitaj tries ambitiously to fill this void, and to crowd it out with "events"—which, I suppose, proves his escapism as much as it illustrates his realism. He walks the path of a solitary. Yet, his vulnerability I consider truly modern; of the brilliance and uniqueness of his consciousness I was never in doubt.

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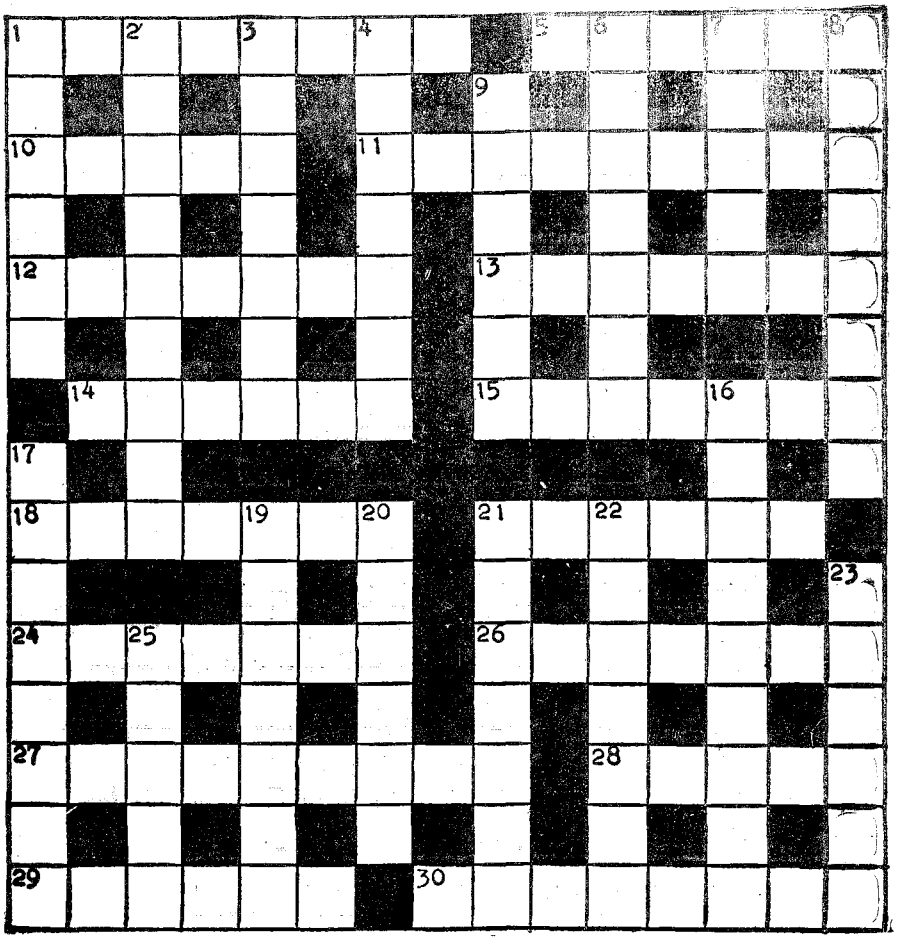
Crossword Puzzle No. 1096

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Some hunters in season might find a bird. (8)
5 Bow and shake when 9 down. (6)
10 How to make a pin act satisfactorily, almost. (5)
11 Could one make such a ride point to ruin? (9)
12 A description of baked clay? Get as your due about the equivalent! (7)
13 Poe said that much of all that is detestable do we express in this one word. (7)
14 Decrees from higher authority. (6)
15 Follows the sailor with a serious-sounding synonym. (3, 4)
18 Morning over, and still improved?
24 An inclination to take some time to act violently. (7)
26 Proving a faulty stapler doesn't offer good first possibilities. (7)
27 Where one hopes one's work will be going well. (3, 6)
28 and 8 down On the other hand, it might be a dedication to Mary. (2, 3, 8)
29 Met his destruction as a matter of belief. (6)
30 Might a hook be so straightened out when obtained this way? (8)

DOWN:

1 The temperament of the young marshal of France? (6)
2 Auction to the dedicated contract player? (It might call for a ducking!) (3, 6)
3 Pertaining to Apollo, it's ambiguous. (7)
4 To remain undecided in the problem of sex pays, in a way. (7)
6 Storming along the stairs? (7)
7 A peculiar bent of the crook? (5)
8 See 28 across
9 Somewhat loud and stiff with cold.
16 One causes suffering with the people in the hills. (9)
17 and 21 across What a soldier has to do with food taken away. (5-3, 6)
19 I'd bring it up to the head of 24, if their accounts are personal. (7)
20 Found in good, well-spent lives. (6)
21 One has to be against something!
22 When a card is turned around it's bad—you get violent! (7)
23 Ends to achieve in Belgium. (6)
25 The confusion of battle is the first of elementary confusion. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1095

ACROSS: 1 Public works; 9 Shed; 10 Names; 12 Thereby; 13 Passing; 15 Bellowed; 16 Excuse; 18 Stayed; 21 Approach; 24 Dewdrop; 28 Tale; 29 Limbo; 30 Erne; 31 Protagonist. DOWN: 2 Underplay; 3 Longbow; 4 and 26 Come to terms; 5 On stage; 6 Kiwis; 8 Stones; 14 Ideal; 17 Closeness; 19, 11 and 7 The Man with the Hoe; 20 Droplet; 22 and 23 Pronouncement; 25 Drear; 27 Smug.

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